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CELEBRATION OF THE 4TH A SUCCESS.

Smethport Wins Both Ball Games With Large Scores.

RAIN INTERFERS WITH PROGRAM.

But Races Were All Pulled Off on Pavement—Dance at Lyceum Was a Great Success—Fireworks Were Good—Large Crowd Present.

The morning of the Ever Glorious Fourth dawned bright and clear, and early in the day people began arriving in Smethport to help the local fire department celebrate the day in the good old fashioned way. The I. O. O. F. and Citizens' bands met the various trains and escorted the crowds to Main street where, before the industrial parade took place, a large concourse of people had gathered.

The industrial parade started promptly at 10:30 and passed down Main street and countermarched to West Main street, where it disbanded. The prize float of the parade was the one of Fry & Comes which depicted a sail boat. Mr. Fry's automobile was used as the body and power and was effectively concealed by the sides of the craft. Fred J. Masser designed and built the float and he deserves much credit for his tasteful work.

The first ball game of the day followed immediately after the parade at Kane field. It was between the Bradford Moose baseball team and the Smethport nine. The game resulted in an overwhelming victory for Smethport, the score being 21 to 1. Superior stick work won for the local boys, several balls being knocked into the creek.

Shortly after noon it began to threaten rain and at about 2:30 quite a little shower spilled itself on a suffering humanity. The rain lasted an hour, but before it had entirely stopped the various races were pulled off on the pavement. The results of the races was as follows:

Wheelbarrow race: Tom Clark, 1st; Lloyd Kohn, 2nd.

Potato race: John Malcolm, 1st; Lloyd Kohn, 2nd.

100-yard-dash: Francis Gallup 1st; Orson Gallup, 2nd.

Slow bicycle race: Herbert Monheimer, 1st; Richard Curran, 2nd.

Fast bicycle race: Lloyd Kohn, 1st; John Murray, 2nd.

Motorcycle race: E. A. Hamilton, 1st; Claude Lyons, 2nd; Floyd Cosper, 3rd. This race consisted of making three trips up and down the entire length of the pavement.

These races were all spirited and some good sport was shown. They were much appreciated by the spectators.

In the fast bicycle race, a young man named Gale, who started in the race when near Franklin street accidentally ran into Earl Brown, an 8-year-old boy who was visiting at the home of Daniel Klein. Gale, who stood a good chance of winning the race, immediately stopped, threw his wheel to the side of the pavement and ran back to see how badly the boy was injured. Luckily he had but a slight bruise on the head, but young Gale showed the right spirit and did a commendable act when he thus threw up his chances of winning the race to see how badly the boy was injured.

Immediately following the races the second game of baseball was pulled off at Kane field. It was between Smethport and Norwich, and but 5 innings were played owing to the late hour. The final score was 20 to 0. Here again batting was the strong feature of the local boys. Although they batted strong in both games the local team played superb ball, but one error being made in both games.

At 8:30 the fantastic parade, headed by the famous and only zobo band of Smethport, paraded. It created much amusement along the line of march. Directly following this parade a very nice display of fireworks was set off on Brennan's hill.

The one remaining feature of the day was the firemen's ball at the Smethport Lyceum. It was a tremendous success in every way, the local fire department being $94.25 to the good as a result of the dance.

All during the day the I. O. O. F. and Citizens' bands gave concerts at different points on Main street, and rendered excellent music, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

EASTERN HANDICAP SHOOT.

It Is Being Held in Bradford This Week—Many Notables There.

The Eastern handicap shotgun tournament opened on the Foster Brook grounds of the Bradford Gun club, at Bradford, Monday. There are many men of note in that city to take part in the various events, among them John Philip Sousa, the great bandmaster and composer.

Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., is still the champion trap shot, having on Monday defended his title to the ownership of the Hazard Double Target Challenge Championship trophy, defeating Fred G. Bills, of Chicago, at 100 double targets. The match was the big event of the practice day and was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators.

There were 129 marksmen registered at the opening of the Seventh Eastern Handicap tournament at the Foster Brook grounds on Tuesday morning, when the program opened at 9 o'clock. There were ten events of 15 targets each, or a total of 150. A large number of spectators witnessed the sport during the day, including several automobile loads from Smethport.

The spectators were given an opportunity to witness the shooting of the "Big Six," the world's champions, Crosby, Gilbert, Bills, Spencer, Hawkins and Taylor.

There were 154 entries at the second day's shooting. The program of 10 events of 15 targets each, was completed and the special event of 25 doubles was well along when rain began to fall and the shooters were driven to cover. The entire program was completed later on.

Fred G. Bills, of Chicago, was high gun for the day, in the professional class, breaking 147 out of a possible 150.

To-day the big contest of the tournament will be the handicap race for the Eastern Handicap. There will be five events of 20 targets each. The high man to-day, winner of the handicap, is to get an award of $250 in cash.

SMALL FIRE.

On Second Floor of Charles Gallup's Home on Green Street—Little Damage Was Done.

Saturday evening, at a few minutes past nine o'clock, Mrs. Charles Gallup discovered a small fire on the second floor of her house, on Green street, in rooms occupied by Mrs. Peter Bronk and daughters. Mrs. Gallup hastened up stairs and dashed two pails of water on the fire which extinguished it. By that time the flare had been seen by others and an alarm was sent in. The new fire bell and the whistle quickly got our fire boys on the street, and in a very short time the fire-fighting apparatus was on the scene, but luckily was not needed.

The fire originated from a leak in a gas bracket about midway between the burner and the shut-off. Mrs. Bronk and daughters had left the light burning and were on their way down town when the escaping gas ignited from the light and quickly communicated with lace curtains close by. This in turn burned the woodwork and wall paper, and but for the timely discovery by Mrs. Gallup, a large conflagration undoubtedly would have ensued. Mrs. Gallup severely burned her thumb and fingers in shutting off the gas after she had the fire nearly extinguished.

The damage probably will not exceed $50, which is covered by insurance.

Excursion to Olean, Riverhurst and Rock City Park, Sunday, July 14, 1912, via Shawmut Line.

Sunday, July 14th, the P., S. & N. R. R. offer special service and rates to Olean, Riverhurst and Rock City Parks from St. Marys and intermediate points, except stations on the Hazelhurst branch. Train leaves Smethport 10:27 a. m., returning leaves Olean 7:00 p. m. Fare for the round trip to Olean, $1.00; to Riverhurst, $1.05, and to Rock City, $1.30. The St. Marys Silver Cornet Band has been engaged to accompany excursion and will give a concert at Rock City Park in the afternoon. For full particulars see small bills, apply to P., S. & N. agents or address JOS. T. ODELL, General Passenger Agent, St. Marys, Pa.

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TWO TERRIBLE WRECKS.

One on July 4 near Elmira, N. Y., the Other July 5th at Wilpen Pa.

Forty-one persons were killed, most of them instantly, and 60 others so severely injured that a score of them may die, when a fast express train on the Lackawana Railroad, tearing through the fog at sixty miles an hour, dashed around a curve at Gibson, near Elmira, N. Y., early last Thursday and crashed into the rear of a stalled passenger train heavily loaded with humanity, demolished three of the cars, crushing the occupants to death, and hurling them down an embankment under a tangled mass of wood and steel. But twenty of the dead were identified.

The demolished train was known as Number Nine. It left New York at fifteen minutes before nine o'clock Wednesday night for Buffalo, and was stalled two miles east of Corning by the broken down freight train. The conductor said he caused two block signals to be set against the following train. Just east of the curve on which the passenger train was stalled the track stretches away for nearly ten miles and along this stretch the express was driven at top speed.

Although the engineer of the express declared there was no flagman to warn him of the presence of the stalled train ahead, Lackawana officials declare that a flagman had been sent back in the rear of No. 9 when she was held up.

Twenty-one persons were killed and 30 injured, a number fatally, as a result of a wreck Friday afternoon on the Ligonier Valley railroad at Wilpen, Westmoreland county, Pa.

An overloaded passenger coach, pushed by an engine, was struck by a double-header freight train of coal cars, crushing the coach like paper and spreading death and injury to all but one aboard the train.

The passenger train had started from Ligonier. It consisted of an engine and coach, the engine pushing the coach. The freight train was made up of many coal cars and was being pulled by two heavy locomotives.

The impact was terrific. The passenger coach was practically laid open and the passengers either crushed or thrown like shots through the air.

It was the first fatal accident, it is said, in the history of the Ligonier road, for the past 40 years.

It will take an investigation to determine the cause of the wreck. There seems to be no person in a position to even suggest a cause. The passenger train, consisting of the lone coach, carried many persons who had enjoyed a holiday over the Fourth of July at Ligonier, a summer resort.

The Pennsylvania railroad, of which the Ligonier is a branch, sent a special train from Pittsburgh to Latrobe, near the scene of the wreck where the injured and killed were hurried, to take some of the injured from the overtaxed hospital there to Pittsburgh. The action was timely as the facilities there were exhausted.

$100,000 CHURCH.

St. Mary's Parish of Olean Will Build Beautiful Edifice.

Olean, N. Y., July 2.—Announcement has been made of the purchase of the Thomas Gilliean property on Henley street by St. Mary's parish, of this city. The property is just east of the present church. The house will be moved to the rear of the lot and on the site a $100,000 church will be built. The plans allow the use of the present church for services until the new one is finished. A new rectory will be placed on the site of the present church. The property on Sullivan street, which is the school, will be sold and a fine new modern school building placed on the site of the present recorty at First and Henley streets. This will centralize the church properties and when First street is cut through, it is the intention of Father Edward J. Rengel, the parish will have three corners of a very desirable locality. The new school will cost about $50,000. The present rectory will be moved to the rear of the lot and used for the different societies of the church. On the southwest corner a new convent will be built and altogether the money to be put into the property will be about $200,000. The Thomas Gilliean property was purchased by a life insurance policy to the parish on the life of the late Father Hamel.

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PROGRESSIVES' CONVENTION.

Will Be Held In Chicago on August 5th—Delegates Asked For.

New York, July 8.—A call to the people of the United States who are in sympathy with the national progressive movement to send delegates to a national convention to open in Chicago, August 5th, was given out yesterday afternoon by United States Senator Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana, Theodore Roosevelt's manager. The call is signed by the committee chosen at the meeting held at the close of the Republican convention in Chicago and also includes signatures of Roosevelt followers in forty states.

"The territories have no place in a national convention and will not be considered," declared Senator Dixon in commenting upon the signatures. "As for the missing eight states, the most of them will probably send delegates although they have not taken part in the call.

"The rules lay down no rules as to methods of choosing delegates, since each state will be expected to select its delegates by its own paraphernalia. The representation will be cut down to just one-half that of the previous conventions. In all probability the convention will adopt the name National Progressive for the new party, but I cannot say definitely what will be done."

The text of the call in full is as follows:

"To the people of the United States, without regard to past political differences, who through repeated betrayals, realize that to-day the power of the crooked political bosses and the privileged classes behind them is so strong in the two old party organizations that no helpful movement in the real interests of our country can come out of either:

"Who believe that the time has come for a national progressive movement—a nation-wide movement on non-sectional lines so that the people may be served in sincerity and truth by an organization unfettered by obligation to conflicting interests.

"Who believe in the right and capacity of the people to rule themselves, and effectively to control all the agencies of their government and who hold that only through social and industrial justice, thus secured, can honest property find permanent protection.

"Who believe that government by the few tends to become and has in fact become government by the sordid influences that control the few.

"Who believe that only through the movement proposed can we obtain in the nation the legislation demanded by the modern industrial evolution, legislation which shall favor honest business and yet control the great agencies of modern business so as to insure their being used in the interest of the whole people; legislation which shall promote prosperity and at the same time secure the better and more equitable diffusion of prosperity.

"Who believe that only this type of wise industrial evolution will avert industrial revolution.

"Who believe that wholesome party government can come only if it is wholesome party management in a spirit service to the whole country and who hold that the commandment delivered at Sinai, 'Thou shalt not steal,' applies to politics as well as to business.

"To all in accord with these views a call is hereby issued by the provisional committee under the resolution by the mass meeting held in Chicago on July 22nd, last, to send from each state a number of delegates whose votes in the convention shall count for as many votes as the state shall have senators and representatives in Congress, to meet in convention at Chicago on the 5th day of August, 1912, for the purpose of nominating candidates to be supported for the positions of president and vice-president of the United States."

The Pennsylvania signers of the "call" are: E. A. Van Valkenburg, William Flinn, Gifford Pinchot and William D. Lewis.

Included in the list of signers are three Democrats: Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver; Julian Harris, of Atlanta, son of Joel Chandler Harris, and John M. Parker of New Orleans.

Among the well known newspaper owners and editors are E. A. Van Valkenburg of the Philadelphia North American; Henry Stoddard, editor of the New York Mail, and W. R. Nelson, owner of the Kansas City Star.

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ANOTHER STORY.

Stella Hodge Claims She Can Name Murderer of Emile Amann.

Cleveland, O., July 5.—After refusing stubbornly for more than a year to tell what she knew of the circumstances surrounding the murder of Emile Amann, at Warren, Pa., Jan. 27, 1911, Mrs. Stella Hodge, herself at one time suspected of the crime, told Cleveland friends that she intended soon to name the murderer.

Mrs. Hodge said:

"I was standing beside the path down which Mr. Amann had come from the water works reservoir," said Mrs. Hodge, "when there were several shots close by and I cried out to ask Mr. Amann why he was shooting. He didn't answer and I ran down the path.

"Mr. Amann was lying on the ground and a man was bending over him. The man had a little electric searchlight in his hand and when he straightened up the light struck his face. I knew him.

"I screamed, and he pressed the gun against my body and swore he'd kill me if I ever told any one of seeing him there. Then he ran to the buggy in which Mr. Amann and I had come to the reservoir, jumped in and drove away. I ran all the way home and went to bed and Mr. Amann lay dead on the hill until morning."

Mrs. Hodge, who was held for two months on a murder charge until the grand jury refused to return a true bill, insisted yesterday that only fear for her own life prevented her telling the name of the murderer when Supt. John M. Andrews, of the Warren waterworks system, was tried for his life on the charge of having murdered his assistant superintendent.

Andrews was acquitted in June, after his lawyers had obtained a change of venue to Erie, Pa., from Warren, where he was once convicted. Mrs. Hodge yesterday explained her long silence by protesting that she had been threatened with death repeatedly by the man, who, according to her story, killed Amann.

"I dared not talk," she said, "but my lawyers knew that I knew the name of the murderer and I only waited a favorable opportunity to tell the truth. I can't live in Warren any more and there isn't much left in life for me.

"The murderer wanted to see John Andrews killed to save his own life. I want him punished and the lawyers who defended Andrews will help to bring the man to justice when I give out his name."

SUICIDE AT BRADFORD.

Laverne Lockwood Drowned In the Allegheny River.

Saturday's Bradford Era: Laverne Lockwood, of this city, committed suicide by drowning in the Allegheny river some time previous to Thursday morning when his body was found floating on the water near Riverside Park, by a man named D. W. Gilligan.

Coroner Martin of Salamanca was notified. The body was removed to a morgue in Salamanca where the identity of the corpse was established by papers in the man's clothing. Bradford relatives were notified and went to Salamanca Thursday evening and arranged to have the body brought to this city. Funeral services will be held at the family residence, No. 162 Summer street, this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial at Limestone.

Lockwood had been in failing health for some time and recently went to Buffalo to consult a specialist. He returned to Buffalo and about a week ago disappeared. His friends heard no more of him until notified of his death.

It is surmised that he committed suicide by jumping into the river. He was very despondent before he went away a week ago, and had expressed a desire to end his life. As there were no indications of foul play, Coroner Martin did not consider an inquest necessary.

Lockwood was 28 years of age and an expert driller. He had been employed in South America and in the Mexican oil fields. Last October he returned from Mexico. Soon afterwards his health gave out.

He is survived by his mother and five brothers and four sisters.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

DEATH OF LITTLE CHILD.

Little Jack of Children's Home Died from Effects of Measles.

Jack DeKay, aged 3 years, died Sunday at the Children's Home, the only home he had ever known, says the Bradford Sunday Herald. When he was an infant about three weeks old, his mother came from Smethport, left the babe at the home to be cared for, she said, until she could arrange a home for him. She made provisions for his care for a month and left. That was the last time she ever saw the child. Nor has she ever inquired for him, by letter or messenger. The Children's Aid society, who cared for the child during his brief life have been unable to learn her whereabouts.

So Jack has been cared for by the ladies of the society. He was an attractive child and gained the affections of the directors of the home, the matron and assistants. He did not miss the parents he never knew. He was well cared for and happy. He liked the place and his 40 playmates, children of the home. Several times people attracted by his well shaped head and manner, took him to their homes with the expectation of adopting him. But the little fellow was so lonely and homesick each time the childless people who wanted him for their own, feared for his health and returned him, where a welcome always awaited him from the inmates of the home and those in charge. These were great homecoming days for Jack and the other children.

Then some new children came to the home and the night of their arrival one was stricken with measles and this spread through the home. Sixteen children came through safely, but little Jack succumbed to a complication.

The ladies of the society and the large family of children grieved for the little chap. But little Jack has gone to a home where he will never be homesick or lonely.

This is one of the numerous instances where homeless children are cared for by the home. No compensation was asked for, none expected. The reward of the society is the knowledge that it was able to give this little deserted waif three happy years.

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION.

Bradford Will Celebrate This Day—Airship Flights, Etc.

The Bradford Trades assembly held a meeting last evening and discussed arrangements for the observance of Labor day.

The amusement committee reported that arrangements had been made with Al. Boyd, a New York airman, who is now located in Bradford, to make two flights over the grounds and one over the city. The flights will be made from the driving park in a dirigibleballoon which is a smaller reproduction of the ill-fated Akron. The fact that a dirigible has never been seen in flight in this section of the country will add to the interest of the exhibition.

Another big feature of the day will be a motorcycle race, which will be arranged and managed by Mr. Boyd. There will be a close race between two professional teams and a free-for-all race, in addition to numerous other athletic events.

The cash prizes will aggregate over $1,000. It is the intention of the committees in charge of the celebration to spare no effort to make the day one of the biggest of recent years.—Star-Record.

FOOTE-REEVES NUPTIALS.

Constable U. H. Foote and Mrs. Ruby Reeves United In Marriage.

Tuesday afternoon, July 9, 1912, at 4:30 o'clock, Ulysses H. Foote and Mrs. Ruby Reeves, both of this place, were united in marriage at the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal church, the Rev. J. W. McGavern officiating.

Mr. Foote has been the efficient constable of Smethport for a number of years, while Mrs. Foote has been doing general housework for some time past. They will make their home on the second floor of The Miner building.

The Miner unites with their many friends in wishing them a long and happy married life.

DR. H. E. WHEELER

Will be at the Wright House, next Tuesday, July 16, for the purpose of examining your eye troubles. Free examination. 1t

Her Poet Lover

By A. HOWARD

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

Polly Whiting was the happiest person in the world, for she was to go with Jaspar Slappey to the first picnic of the year. "And you know, mother," she exclaimed, delightedly, "that means that I shall be the May queen."

When Ephraim Slappey, the butcher, married Caroleen Carney, a foreigner from Ireland and member of a traveling theatrical company, everybody in Bologee said that no good would come of it. Jaspar came of it, and then the pretty, mismated woman died, and Ephraim, who had always been a God-fearing man, though rather hard at driving a bargain, was left with this queer child on his hands. The little Jaspar grew up in his father's shop, a gay, irresponsible child, devoted to the phlegmatic butcher, but no manner of help to him. Once, when he was a tiny boy, Ephraim sent him to deliver meat to Lawyer Hale and Jaspar fed the chops to a stray cur. Lawyer Hale, he insisted, was fat and well-fed, whereas the puppy was starving. Ephraim remonstrated and scolded, and then forgave his son. He knew it was no way to bring up a child, he knew that he ought to whip Jaspar, but he could not bring himself to strike the boy, for Jaspar looked exactly like his mother, Caroleen.

As Jaspar grew older it became the hope of Ephraim's life to see the sign "Slappey & Son" above his butcher shop, yet he could not take the boy into the business when he refused to handle raw meat. After much troubled cogitation the butcher decided to break Jaspar forcibly of this squeamishness, so he took him with him to the slaughter pen. The calf that was about to be veal was led out, and Jaspar draped himself about the creature's neck. Pocahontas weeping for John Smith was a mild sight compared with Jaspar Slappey pleading for that calf. Ephraim, however, was obdurate, the calf was killed and Jaspar fainted away. The butcher was panic-stricken; he carried the boy home in his arms, and after that Jaspar had his own way.

Jaspar's way was to be a poet, the only poet in Bologee. When anybody died or was married or was born in the town Jaspar mounted Pegasus in their behalf and produced a touching commentary in verse. Envious and admiring friends had sought many times to discover how he did it, but the process, though simple, revealed nothing. Jaspar would climb to his father's hayloft, sit there quietly a few minutes, and after chewing up a quantity of hay intended for the horse—not Pegasus, but old Dobbin—would evolve a poem. Many aspiring youths in Bologee sat in lofts and chewed hay, but nothing came of it, so everybody knew that Jaspar was a born poet.

One of Jaspar's poems had been written to Polly on her graduation day, and she had adored him ever since. The poem described her as the "ox-eyed maiden," and, to Polly, that seemed wonderfully appropriate from the butcher's son. She told Jaspar so and he laughed until he nearly fell out of his chair, though Polly could not see why. She could not understand Jaspar, but she was immensely proud of him, for he was tall and handsome, with violet eyes and curly black hair. Moreover, he had the happiest knack of making other people enjoy themselves, and was always leader in the merrymaking. It was he who planned the May pole dance each year, and he who chose the queen. In joyous anticipation Polly could already feel that wreath of roses resting on her head.

All the town was at the picnic, and Polly and Jaspar were welcomed by every group. They were in the midst of these greetings when suddenly Jaspar stopped talking and a faraway look came over his face. Polly followed his glance and saw two strangers coming toward them. One was a young man, a spick-and-span young man, whose clothes and ways were not of Bologee. But it was the girl at his side that attracted Polly's attention. She was a wonderful, radiant girl, with a clinging green dress and a floppy green hat that rested on a shining mass of fluffy golden hair. Jaspar stared at her in mute admiration, and Polly in her primly starched white dress felt awkward and ugly and lonely.

Evelyn Bibb was with the strangers, and she stopped a minute to introduce them. They were her cousins from the city, Marietta and Morgan Bibb. Marietta spoke, smiled, then swept on her conquering path, but as she floated by she carried Jaspar with her. The little country girl was left standing alone.

For a few minutes Polly was too heartbroken to hide her misery, her eyes kept following Jaspar, who seemed to have forgotten her entirely. Presently, however, she noticed that some of the girls were laughing at her evident discomfiture, and pride came to her aid. She was by nature demure and dignified, but now she flirted, flirted desperately and determinedly, and soon she was the center of a laughing group, and Morgan Bibb had appointed himself her especial cavalier.

Polly's small stock of courage almost gave out when the May pole was set up and Marietta was chosen queen, but she took her place and danced with the others. After the dance came the crowning ceremony, a wreath of roses was brought forward and Jaspar read a poem to the queen of beauty. Then he knelt and laid the roses on Marietta's hair. Polly felt faint and turned away her eyes, until a gasp of surprise from the crowd made her look back.

She saw a strange, uncanny sight. The wreath had caught in Jaspar's sleeve as he rose and Marietta's wonderful locks had come with it. The hair was a wig and in the beating sunlight Marietta's head shone smooth and polished and bald. The queen of beauty was absurdly, ludicrously ugly.

Marietta was not a whit disturbed by this unfortunate accident. She laughed good-naturedly, put her wig back on, and explained that she was just up from a spell of typhoid fever.

Everybody laughed at the incident, the dancing was resumed, and only Polly noticed the look of blank horror on Jaspar Slappey's face. He slipped away from the crowd and was seen no more, even when twilight came on and the picnickers started for home. Polly waited anxiously, but her truant escort did not return and finally she agreed to let Morgan Bibb take her home.

They turned down an unused lane and were driving rapidly to overtake the others when they came upon Jaspar Slappey. He sat listlessly on the bars of a high wooden gate, a forlorn and dejected figure, black against the golden sunset. Polly leaped closer to her companion and chatted gayly as they passed, but when they had gone a little distance up the road she laid a detaining hand on Morgan Bibb's arm.

"Please, Mr. Bibb, I want to go back. I've forgotten something."

"Why, of course," he answered, "I'll take you back."

Polly shook her head and Morgan Bibb, who was a very decent young man, understood. He bit his lip, for he thought he had captured the heart of this simple country maiden, but he stopped the horse at once and helped her down. Polly put out her hand, and looked at him appealingly. "You've been very kind to me, and I'm sorry to be so rude. But I do so want to go back."

He smiled down at her. "Never mind about me. Goodby, little girl, and good luck."

When he climbed back into the buggy he waved to her, but Polly did not see him. She was hurrying down the lane.

She found Jaspar lying in the grass, his head buried in his arms. Polly was rather a dull little person, but she realized that what was only a joke to the rest of them was a tragedy to Jaspar. She sat down by him, timidly, and then at the sight of his misery she grew suddenly wise and bold. She drew his head into her lap.

Jaspar gave a long sigh. "Oh, Polly!" he cried, "wasn't it dreadful? Wasn't she frightful? My Queen of Beauty!" And then in a passion of contrition, "I treated you shamefully, Polly, indeed I did! You shall be queen next year."

But Polly, with Jaspar in her arms, was far happier than any queen. "Never mind," she answered contentedly. "Marietta can be queen again. She'll have plenty of hair by that time."

NOTE CHANGES IN CLIMATE

Varying Oceanic Circulation the Cause of Marked Differences Through the Centuries.

A very material change in the climate of northern Europe since the middle ages has been demonstrated to the Royal Meteorological society by Prof. Otto Pettersen. Seasons of great extremes reached a culminating point in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when the summers alternated between great heat and drought and great cold and excessive rain, and when violent winter storms entirely remolded the coasts of the North sea, the frosts being sometimes so severe that even the arm of the sea between Denmark and Scandinavia was frozen. Varying oceanic circulation, due to sun and moon, is suggested as a possible explanation. Four years of investigation at Bornoe, Sweden, has shown that the inflow of the undercurrent from the North sea into the Kattegat—which brings herring shoals in winter to the Swedish coast—is oscillatory, the bounding surface of the deep current rising and subsiding from fifty to eighty feet twice a month. This flow is governed by the moon's declination and nearness to the earth. Astronomical data prove that the influence of the sun and moon on the waters of northern Europe near the time of the solstice must have reached a maximum 600 to 700 years ago, and consequently there must have been a more active circulation. Evidence of the greater circulation is the fact that the herring migrations formerly extended into the Baltic, but now they reach only to the Kattegat. The deep current must have risen higher, the surface layer must have been thinner, and, as a thin layer is more readily heated and cooled, the temperature controlling influences of the ocean must have been different.

One on Henry Irving.

Sir Henry Irving, whose Hamlet was a masterpiece, often told a good story of an incident when he was playing the part in his early days. Whilst on the stage he saw that an old lady in the front row of the pit was weeping profusely. Feeling flattered, he sent an attendant to bring her to him after the performance. "Madame," he said graciously, when they met, "I perceive that my acting moved you." "It did that, sir," said the old woman. "You see, I've got a young son myself play-acting somewhere up in the north, and it broke me all up to think that maybe he is no better at it than you."

LIKE TO WALK IN PUDDLES

A Grown-Up Man Tries to Ascribe a Reason for This Fancy of Boys.

"It may not be a matter of grave moment," said a grown-up man, "but I would rather like to know why small boys like to walk in mud puddles.

"I don't refer now to the boy in rubber boots; his motives in wading in puddles and in deeper water I can understand. He is proud of his waterproof boots and he likes to surfeit himself with the delightful consciousness and proof that they are waterproof; he likes to brave and pass unscathed the perils of the deep waterways of the gutters after a heavy rain; though with his fine boots anyway he is likely to overdo this a little, to keep on trying to see how deep he can go till at last he steps into a place a little deeper than the rest and gets his boots filled.

"Still, I can understand the boy and his rubber boots, but I don't quite see through his fancy for walking or stepping in puddles generally when he has leather shoes on. Maybe here too it is because he likes to take risks, or perhaps it is because of his innate defiance of rule and convention.

"A bunch of small boys will one after another try jumping over a puddle to see if they can clear it, and then sooner or later one is sure to come down within the edge of the water. But that doesn't disturb him; on the contrary he rather enjoys that experience, and then you may see the bunch wind up by all running or walking through the water. Why do they do this, getting their shoes wet and muddy and getting them wet causing them to walk out the sooner, to say nothing of causing their mothers care and worry not only over shoes but stockings? But all boys like to slush through mud puddles, and for that matter so do some older people, too.

"I like myself when I have on rubbers to walk right ahead, regardless of the pools of water on the sidewalk. In fact I am likely to step in them deliberately if they are not too deep, so that I may get the water over my rubbers to wet my feet. I like to slash ahead unhampered and really in doing this simple little free action I find enjoyment. And I guess it is a sense of this sort that makes the boy find a pleasure in scampering or stamping or walking through mud puddles; he likes to take the risk and see how much water he can get into without getting his feet wet, but the thing he likes best about it is its defiant unfettered freedom."

Man a Back Number.

It is the year 2000. The famous and successful lady orator is addressing a large and enthusiastic audience. At the end of her speech she says:

"I believe that this is the time for me to publicly acknowledge by kindness to one who has been my companion, my counsellor, and my guide, who has upheld my weary hands when the task seemed too great for my strength, who has cheered me with loving words when I returned worn and weary from my arduous duties in club and on platform, who has by thoughtful, constant ministrations given the blessed knowledge that always there is for me a haven of refuge and rest, a harbor of comfort and cheer—my home. All that I am, and all that I have, I owe to that inestimable man, my husband."

At the back of the hall sat a little pale-faced man, whose face, as those gracious words fell on his ears, brightened wonderfully. This was her husband. All his patience and self-sacrifice were rewarded at last.

Perfumes as Antiseptics.

New York dandies who perfume themselves are laughed at, and yet a scientist, writing in the Scotsman, says all sweet odors are conducive to health and are harmless. He asserts positive antiseptic properties are possessed by the oils of lavender, eucalyptus, clove, rosemary and other plants; moreover, they possess the power to destroy bacteria. And does not the doctor recommend the air of a sun-lit pine wood? It has been said by a famous writer that whenever the sun shines on the fragrant herbs they express their gratefulness in health-giving ozone. Lavender water, eau de cologne and attar of roses drive off headaches and invigorate the jaded mind. Even to robust persons in steady health, says Sir William Temple, the effect of certain sweet odors is to stimulate the mental faculties and give positive pleasure to their exercise. They counteract or combat mental disease, have a beneficial influence on temperament.

He Is Getting the Rescue Habit.

Elsie Radford, the young man who rescued a small boy skater who had fallen through the ice in a deep pond, has again appeared in the role of rescuer. Thirteen-year-old Margaret Weston was dared to cross the thin ice to a little island that poked its head up through the ice about one hundred feet from shore. Margaret wouldn't take a dare, and in a few minutes she had crawled stealthily over to the island, and then started back. Almost at the first step the ice began to crackle under her, she lost her courage and retreated to the island, where she sat down to wait.

Radford saw her predicament, and, putting on a pair of big boots, went to the rescue. He waded in and made his way through the broken ice and water to the island; hoisting the maid to his shoulder, he waded back again, waist deep, and carried her to dry land.—Philadelphia Times.

DRUMMER OF ARCOLA

LITTLE FRENCH LAD PUTS AUSTRIAN ARMY TO FLIGHT.

Napoleon's Great Career Built Upon Heroic Episode Which Illustrates Extraordinary Military Value of Spirit-Stirring Drum.

There stands in the French town of Cadenet, his native place, a monument to the memory of "The Little Drummer of Arcola," Andre Estienne, the hero of one of the most romantic episodes in French history. It was an episode that illustrated the extraordinary military value, so often attested by the world's greatest generals, of what Othello called the "spirit-stirring drum." It may be said, curiously enough, that Napoleon Bonaparte's great career was built upon a drum, for the battle of Arcola was won by the beating of Estienne's drum, and the Corsican himself always dated his confidence in his own fortune from this battle, won in 1796. The circumstances were these:

Bonaparte, hemmed in with a small army at Verona, between two greatly superior forces, sallied out at night, made a forced march, and with 14,000 men fell upon the rear of 50,000 Austrians. The battle lasted seventy-two hours. On the second day of the fighting the Austrians obtained such a position that they completely and murderously swept the bridge of Arcola, which the French had gained, and which they must hold if they expected to win the battle.

It was an unlooked-for movement. No officer was near, but Andre Estienne, the little drummer, was there. He went to his sergeant and told him that he should cross the bridge with his drum, and beat it on the other side.

"But," protested the sergeant, "before you place one foot upon the bridge you will be killed. No man on earth could live on that bridge. However, can you swim?"

"I can," said the drummer.

"Then swim across with your drum."

"Impossible!" returned Estienne. "Should the drum become water-soaked, I could not beat it on the other side."

But the sergeant was equal to this difficulty. Being himself a fine swimmer, he plunged into the water, bade Andre mount upon his shoulders and hold his drum clear of the water. In this way the two crossed the river, Andre beating his drum lustily all the way. Once on the other side, he pounded it in a way to well-nigh wake the dead. The Austrians who were massed near were nearly all raw recruits. Hearing what they took to be the drums of an advancing force of French, and remembering the terrible French onslaught of the day before, they fled. This left the bridge clear, and the French began to pour across. Andre was joined by other drummers. The Austrian flight became a rout. The French swept on, with Andre Estienne, still drumming at their head. Soon the whole Austrian force was retreating, utterly beaten.

Years late Estienne's heroic act was celebrated by being represented in stone on the front of the Pantheon at Paris. The funeral of the little drummer of Arcola was attended by a great concourse of French officers and soldiers.

No Chop Suey in China.

"I have just come from a trip to China," said the foreign agent, "and I found everything to eat there except chop suey. While seeing the sights in various Chinese cities I would occasionally drop into a restaurant to have a bite of native food. An order for a bowl of chop suey invariably was met by a mystical shake of the head. The fact is that they don't eat chop suey in China. An intelligent Chinaman tells me that chop suey is eaten only by pigs, cats and Americans. It is the American corruption of some Chinese dish that probably was very good. There is a legend to the effect that it was invented by some practical joker in San Francisco's Chinatown, and from there is has spread over the entire United States and most of Europe. Even London, Paris and Berlin now have their chop suey joints where respectable natives go and consume the stuff under the impression that they are being wicked. Chinamen in American tell me that chop suey is eaten only by the poorer Chinese, who order it in the dingier restaurants because it is cheap."

Lark Now a Pest.

Assemblyman Struckenbruck, the farmer-blacksmith of San Joaquin, Cal., is devoting a great deal of his time to getting votes for his bill to permit the shooting of meadow larks. He says that the birds destroy not only grain, but have lately developed a fondness for melons that is proving disastrous to the cantaloupe crop.

One of the strongest bits of evidence cited by Struckenbruck is that when the agricultural demonstration train of the University of California was sent through the state to teach the farmers how to raise their crops on scientific principles the meadow lark, properly stuffed and mounted, occupied a dishonored place among the exhibits as a "pest."

Observation in the fields has also shown that the bird is too busy picking up the farmers' grain to devote any time to singing. He claims that the lark, whose rippling melody, which was once the harbinger of spring and the inspiration of rhymesters, has now become an ordinary thief.

PA AS PIANO MOVER

GODS ON HIGH OLYMPUS THEN TAKE VACATION.

Heads Army That Looks Like Advance Guard of South American Revolutionary Movement—Then Look at the Piano.

When papa attempts to move the piano the gods of high Olympus take a vacation; and Jove says: "Come on here, Juno—you don't want to see that. Get your things on quick. Hang it, woman, does it take you all day to pin your hat on?"

For when papa moves the piano it is always either upstairs or downstairs—never on a plane.

He goes forth into the highways and the hedges and collects a few highwaymen and hedge scarecrows to help him and, followed by his army that looks like the advance guard of a South American revolutionary movement, attacks the piano.

O, why do they make pianos so heavy? Why can they not nail handles on the ends so that one may get a hold? The top is too high to afford a hold, and the bottom is too low.

Observe papa. He has measured the piano and the stairs. The piano is 38.234,235 inches wide at the widest part and the stairway is 38,765,760 inches wide with two turns and a small landing half way up. Ha! plenty of room.

Papa and the hirelings wheel the piano to the foot of the stairs and boost up the end on the lowest step. This makes it necessary for papa and one of the hirelings to climb over the railings to get at the front end of it. Then as they spread their feet and lift, the other hirelings push awkwardly.

"WAIT A MINUTE!" yells papa, "you are mashing us!" Then as they pause one of the pushers bowls madly:

"Hurry up! Hurry up!" he shouts. "We can't hold this bling-blamed thing up all day!" Another heave, and the piano is up three steps, and papa has sat down forcibly on the steps no less than three times.

Then the piano rocks and weaves and scratches the varnish off itself and off the stair railing. Mamma yells a warning—a tearful yell. Papa says something he should not.

"Go on! Go on!" he shrieks at the helpers. "All together now—UP!" The piano is heaved upward, taking off a long crinkled strip of wall paper as it goes, and at last rests on the upper floor.

It is scarred and marred. So are papa's knuckles. So are mamma's feelings. So is the wall paper and so is the railing.

But the piano is upstairs and papa thrusts his aching hands into his trousers pockets and distributes money.

"I wouldn't pay a cent!" wails mamma. "Look at my piano!"

But papa is looking at one of the movers, and the mover is looking at papa and mentally likening papa to a shrimp, and papa in this case is a mind reader, and pays gladly, even hurriedly.—Dallas News.

Raised the Price.

Judge Hiram C. Flack of West Liberty said the other day to the Pittsburg Gazette-Times, speaking of the notorious disfranchised vote sellers of his native Ohio:

"Some of these men, I understand, even claimed that they didn't know it was wrong to sell one's vote. They were worse, then, than the voters of Cashel.

"All the voters of Cashel used to sell their votes, and a reform candidate once got the preachers of the town to preach against the sin of such scandalous conduct.

"The day after these sermons the reform candidate said to a party leader:

"'Well, how will the election go?'

"'It will be close and difficult and expensive, sir,' was the reply.

"'What do you mean?' said the candidate.

"'Well,' said the party leader, 'the boys didn't understand that vote selling was a sin before, and they always let their votes go for $2 apiece; but, now they know eternal damnation is awaiting them, I understand that every man jack of them has put up his price to $4.'"

Justice and Judges.

A New York judge, it will be remembered, recently declared unconstitutional the new law that an automobilist, having run over a pedestrian, must stop and leave his name. The judge said that the automobilist had a perfect right to run away and leave his mangled victim to bleed to death alone for the reason that, in criminal cases, no man is obliged to bear witness against himself.

James Halden Wilkes, president of the Street Defense society of Atlanta, discussed this legal decision at the society's last meeting.

"And that," he cried, hotly, "is called justice. Well, indeed, it was a search after justice once defined as a blind man looking into a dark room for a black hat that isn't there."

Dramatic Criticism.

Kin Hubbard, the Indiana humorist, once was assigned to cover a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Hubbard had his brain-child, old "Abe Martin," report the play. This was the critique: "Uncle Tom's Cabin' played down t' Melodeon hall last night. Th' dogs was good, but they had poor support."—Everybody's Magazine.

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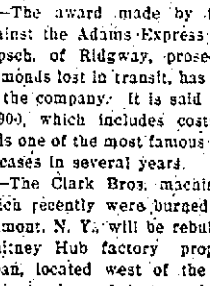

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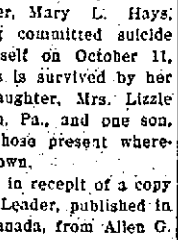

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 11, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—A cement crosswalk is being laid across Mechanic street at the end of Mill street.

—A postal savings bank has been established at the Kendall Creek station, East Bradford.

—Window shades have been placed on the windows of the postoffice, which materially aids in keeping that place cool.

—Beginning last Saturday the employes of the Redfield Publishing Co., will enjoy a half holiday every Saturday during July and August.

—The Potter Journal was late in reaching its subscribers last week, on account of having an advertisement therein which violated the law relating to the advertising of lotteries, etc.

—For the first time in the city's history, the Olean postoffice has become an office of the first class. This means that the volume of business transacted during the past year has been $40,000 or over.

—The fourth annual convention and tournament of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's association will be held in Port Allegany on Thursday, August 15th, and the races, etc., will be held on the following day.

—A large party of young people were entertained last week Wednesday at a 7:30 o'clock dinner, given by Miss Myra Sherburne, at her home in the Wright House, in honor of her guests, Misses Juanita Mills and Florence Bentley.

—A Kane citizen is attracting some attention because of the fact that although his mother-in-law has been dead more than a year, he is still mourning her departure, wears crepe on his hat, and looks sad and dejected.—Kane Republican.

—The award made by the court against the Adams Express Co., J. H. Lepsch, of Ridgway, prosecutor for diamonds lost in transit, has been paid by the company. It is said they paid $3,900, which includes costs. This ends one of the most famous Elk county cases in several years.

—The Clark Bros. machine shops which recently were burned down at Belmont, N. Y., will be rebuilt on the Whitney Hub factory property at Olean, located west of the Pennsylvania tracks and just north of what is known as Town Line alley, and adjoining the land owned by the Pennsylvania R. R.

—Two cows pastured on the Peart farm, near Mosgrove, says the Corry Leader, were bitten by copperhead snakes on Monday of this week, and were seriously infected, but were out of danger Wednesday. One of the cows is owned by the Moorehead family, who used the milk from the animal before they knew of her being bitten and several of them were made ill.

—Port Allegany will hold a special election on July 15th, next Monday, for the purpose of deciding whether or no the taxpayers wish to increase the bonded indebtedness of the borough to the amount of $15,000. The proposed increase will be used for paying part of the cost of paving or improving part or the whole of Main and Mill streets in that borough. This is an energetic move in the right direction. Nothing improves the appearance of a town, in the eyes of the inhabitants and visitors alike, as much as clean, paved streets. It is a valuable asset to any town, regardless of size. The Miner congratulates Port Allegany on this move.

—It has developed that the 7-year-old son of Benjamin Sprague of Olean, who was kidnapped in that place on July 2nd, in a daring manner, mention of which was made in the last issue of The Miner, was an adopted child whom Mr. and Mrs. Sprague had raised from infancy, but had never legally adopted. Mr. Sprague has received a message from the woman, dated Franklin, and is self-explanatory: "Took my son James yesterday. He is here with me now, his mother, Mrs. W. V. Scott." The Spragues were greatly attached to the youngster.

—That there are some large rainbow trout in the Bolivar creek was proved Thursday, when Dean McDowell and Frone Hazzard, two young lads, each caught one of the speckled fish. The one landed by McDowell measured 19½ inches long and weighed 3½ pounds. The one caught by the Hazzard boy measured 20½ inches long and weighed 3¼ pounds. The catches were made in a deep hole in the Bolivar creek on the C. L. LeSuer farm, just south of this village. The trout were placed on exhibition at the Clark House, where on Friday night a trout supper was served.—Bolivar Breeze.

—Mrs. Drusilla Hays, wife of John Hays, a drayman of Bradford, committed suicide by swallowing the contents of a two-ounce bottle of carbolic acid, on Monday, July 1. The tragedy was the second to be enacted in the West Washington street home of the Hays family within a year, the woman's daughter, Mary L. Hays, aged 14, having committed suicide by shooting herself on October 11, 1911. Mrs. Hays is survived by her husband, one daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Ferry, of Sharon, Pa., and one son, Charles Hays, whose present whereabouts are unknown.

—The Miner is in receipt of a copy of The Morning Leader, published in Regina, Sask., Canada, from Allen G. King, formerly of this place, but now located in that hustling Canadian city. The paper is devoted almost exclusively to the aftermath of the terrible tornado which visited that city on Sunday, June 30. The death list is now officially placed at 28, while 27 are still missing and it is feared that many of these will be placed on the death list. There are upwards of a hundred more or less seriously injured. The city will be rebuilt on a much larger and more beautiful scale, and work has already been started.

MUST THANK JESTER

ASKING GIRL'S PA NOW EASY FOR THE SUITOR.

Old Custom Is Happily Falling Into Disuse—The Bride Is the One Who Is Now Taking All the Chances.

We've often wondered why it is always the bridegroom who is rattled during the marriage ceremony, when it's the bride who is taking all the chances. Not that this question has anything to do with what we are going to talk about; but neither has anything else, and one must start somewhere.

And really it is strange how cool the girl always is. Our theory is that this is because a person doesn't easily get rattled at the complications that follow the business in which he is an expert. The tyro is the one who is nervous. Getting married a man is entering unknown ground. The girl, on the other hand, has the whole field plotted. Getting married is her business—it is the man's fate.

Where the man falls down first is in the horrible ordeal of "asking papa." This old custom is happily falling into disuse, but in many old-fashioned families it is still considered necessary. The conventional picture shows a timid young man, hat in hand, approaching an ogreish old person to whom he has to introduce himself. The young man fully expects to be killed, but he usually gets off with a few minor bruises. This is the way it is done in the funny papers and in some of our more conservative families.

In real life the man has an easier job. The girl casually announces at breakfast that she intends to marry Jack. Mamma screams: "What! Didn't I tell you I didn't approve of him?" "Yes," answers the daughter, cheerfully, "but that'll be all right. He doesn't approve of you, either." Papa doesn't even get a look-in. To salve his feelings the young chap consents to call on him. "I suppose Mollie told you we were going to get married," he observes, handing out a cigar. "Hope you and I won't let it interfere with our friendship."

"Are you sure you love my daughter?" asks the old man.

"Great Scott!" exclaims the younger, with a giggle. "You aren't going to get sentimental at your time of life, are you?" The father blushes and offers to buy a drink.

Sometimes, to be sure, it is an ordeal for the suitor. He considers it a doubtful compliment when he says: "Can I have your daughter?" and the old man says: "No; but I'd like to give you a job with my firm. I hate to see such nerve as yours going to waste." There are so many comebacks to the "Can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?" gag that the modern suitor has his prospective father-in-law licked before the conversation is fairly started. Life and its problems are simplified by a sense of humor.

The "Dear Fiends."

A prominent sportsman, who is president of an equally prominent club of fellow sportsmen, recently had a scrap with them and it became necessary for him to write them a letter. His stenographer, in gay and lightsome mood peculiar to the members of her craft, inadvertently dropped an "r" and began the letter "Dear Fiends." The president, preoccupied with the subject matter of the letter, signed it without observing the omission and the communication reached the club as originally written. The president pro tem is a man of gentle voice, beseeching manners and limpid humor. In sweet, almost girlishly silver tones he announced at a club dinner, "I have here a letter from our esteemed president, who is not with us this evening, and it becomes my pleasure to read the communication to you at this moment. It is as follows: 'Dear Fiends.'" Here he paused solemnly, but for only a moment. The club members, recognizing the situation, yelled one mighty yell, as men may at a stag dinner, and the scrap with their president was over. Thus may one touch of the typewriter artist make the whole club kin.

Private Fortunes of Sweden.

By order of the secretary of the treasury a careful investigation was made of the value of all estates of deceased persons for the years 1908-1908, and a calculation based on these figures was worked out, indicating the approximate value of the total of the private fortunes in Sweden, says Consul General E. D. Winslow, Stockholm.

The result of this investigation gave the citizens of the kingdom credit for $2,197,000,000,000 divided among 1,238,500 estates, viz: In the provinces, 1,022,300 estate, aggregating $1,180,000,000,000; in the cities, 216,200 estates, aggregating $1,017,000,000,000; the private estates in Stockholm were estimated at $483,000,000,000. The average assets for each individual for the kingdom were $402; for the provinces, $260, and for the cities, $760; except Stockholm, where the fortunes were estimated at $1,425 for each citizen.

Bargain Sale.

"If you are looking for bargains," said the broker, "I can suit you. I can offer you some stocks at ten cents a share."

"But why are they so cheap?" demanded the lady shopper.

"You see, they have been slightly damaged by water."

SOME ODD SKINS AND HIDES

Queer Pelts That Find Their Way Into American and Canadian Markets.

Among the skins and hides which find their way into the American and Canadian markets are the boar skins, which come from Mexico, and the hide of the Mexican peccary, with fur or bristles of a pepper and salt mixture in color, the beast being a savage looking animal alive. Like deer skins, boar hides are shipped dry. The boar skin makes a heavier leather than deer skin and is used for glove trimmings.

Goat skins in large numbers are imported from the various Latin American countries, including the West Indies; but the great sources of the world's supply of goat skins are China, Russia and the East Indies in the order named. From those countries there are imported annually millions of goat skins which are made into leather, 90 per cent. of which is used in the manufacture of shoes. Goat skins are shipped principally dry.

From the countries to the south of the United States are brought annually some thousands of alligator hides, mostly from Mexico and the United States of Colombia, with some from Ecuador. These alligators are shot or are speared from boats. Alligator hides are shipped wet salted. If they were once dried they never could be softened sufficiently to be made into leather.

To be kept in perfect condition in the hot countries the alligator must be skinned and the hide salted right away. The supply is still sufficient, but in the countries from which the hides are now mainly brought alligators are diminishing in number. There are too many hunters and too many young alligators are taken.

Formerly some alligator leather was used for shoes and boots, but now it is used chiefly in the manufacture of handbags and suitcases.

Occasionally a few manatee or sea cow hides, which come from Mexico, find their way north. These hides are shipped wet salted. The manatee hide tans into a very thick leather, cheaper than walrus leather but used like it for the making of buffing wheels for polishing purposes.

From Mexico also come a few tiger cub skins, which are tanned and made up into rugs.

Repulsed Their Hero.

George Barr McCutcheon is noted for his shyness and retiring disposition, and some there are mean enough to credit these not entirely unworthy traits to the fact that he figures that his "Bill Nye countenance" and "shining pate" are apt to cause a coldness on the part of matinee girls and others who worship his romantic heroes, says the New York Telegraph. The following story concerning him is worth repeating. Two young girls were discussing him: "I just dote on McCutcheon. Don't you think 'Beverly of Graustark' is just about the swellest book you ever read?" Said Mame to Gert: "Indeed I do. I'd give anything for a photograph of McCutcheon, and if I could only meet him, o-o-o-o!" McCutcheon heard the young lady; he arose from his seat, donned his best "Graustark" smile, and then— Said Gert to Mame: "If that bald-headed onion that's been making googoos across the aisle for the last half hour dares to speak to me I'll slam him on the map with my umbrella." And McCutcheon folded his tent like the Arabs—and beat it. Perchance if Mame and Gert cast their optics on this page they will realize how near they came to meeting their favorite author.

Ignorance in High Place.

Funny stories are current of high officials in England at the present day. Grant Duff answers for one. School boys ought to know that there is a town on the Persian Gulf called Bushire, once great and still of high importance strategically. A personage was sent there from India on diplomatic business. In due time he forwarded the items of his expense at Bushire to the foreign office, along with others incurred. The amount was transmitted to him with these latter deducted. On inquiry he was told that the foreign office could not recognize bus hire. May one dare to impute ignorance to Charles Darwin? Certainly he was the first to laugh if, in after years, he recollected advising Sir Joseph Hooker to write to "Wien," "that unknown place—where—they—publish—so—many books. Where is it, by-the-by?" When his fame was already worldwide, Darwin did not know that Wien is Vienna.

Many Suns to Give Light.

"During the day we say that the sun shines; during the night we should say that the suns shine," writes a Boston correspondent of the New York Times. "During the day one sun reigns over us; during the night many suns sparkle and scintillate upon us. The only difference is that our sun of day is so much nearer than our suns of night; but there is one sun of night that, during our winter, far outshines the other sparkling sky gems. That sun is Sirius, whose distance has been estimated at 50 billions of miles, whose size has been conjectured to be as vast as that of seven thousand suns like our own."

The Mean Old Thing.

Mrs. Scrappington—You provoke me till I am absolutely beside myself!

Mr. Scrappington—Then stand off a little way from yourself and see how ridiculous you look!—Puck.

A. Y. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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The best goods at reasonable prices.

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IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

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Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
PUREST
AND MOST
COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

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Drug Store

Graduates

Westbrook Academy graduates are at a premium, as usual. Sixty-three have been recommended to positions this year. Students are now booking for our 31st school year, to open Sept. 5. Catalogue free. Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.

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Wedding gifts in Silver, Cut Glass and China.

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Quick Lunches at all Hours

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We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

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Big Double Clothing House
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We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

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retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

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Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
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HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 11, 1912.

Smethport luckily escaped without an accident on the Fourth, due to the celebration.

Charles D. Hilles, secretary to the President, was on Tuesday selected as chairman of the Republican National committee, and will lead the fight for the re-election of President Taft. J. B. Reynolds, of Massachusetts, was selected for secretary of the committee.

The terrible hot weather of the past few days which has extended over the entire United States, was broken yesterday afternoon and last night. Many people lost their lives in the large cities owing to the heat, and there were hundreds of heat prostrations.

William C. Connelly, Jr., aged 57, district manager of the Associated Press, for the territory comprising Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Eastern Ohio, died at his home in Pittsburgh, July 9, at 11:45 o'clock. Thirty-four years ago, Mr. Connelly succeeded ex-Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks as manager of the Pittsburgh district. His death resulted after a year's illness.

The State Editorial Association meets this year at Wilkes-Barre, on Wednesday, July 24th. On July 25th they will go to Scranton and be guests of the Scranton Board of Trade, and on Friday, the 26th, they go to Saratoga, and will be about Lake Champlain and the old Revolutionary grounds over Sunday. This is one of the finest outings given by the association to its members.

The suits inaugurated by the attorney general's department against the boroughs of Tarentum and Greenville, in western Pennsylvania, for ignoring the decrees of the State that they cease discharging sewage into the streams without purification, are but the commencement of a series of actions by the Commonwealth for recovery of large sums of money. No less than ten municipalities are understood to have been warned to obey the mandates of the authorities or take the consequences.

The case of the 50 Camorrists, which have been on trial at Viterbo, Italy, for nearly two years, has finally been finished, and nine members of this great criminal organization have been found guilty of murder and the society branded as criminal. The convicted men got sentenced immediately to 30 years' imprisonment and 10 years' police surveillance, while other members, guilty of being implicated in the various actions of the society, got slightly lesser sentences. Investigations into the workings of this great Italian criminal organization lasted nearly five years previous to the trial.

At the Harrisburg state convention, which was in control of the Roosevelt element of the Republican party, a college of presidential electors was named, which will appear under the Republican head on the fall ballots. These men weren't for Taft when they were selected, and in case the Republican party carries the state for Taft, as it undoubtedly will, who will these 38 electors vote for when the electorial colleges assemble to vote for President of the United States? Being selected as men against Taft could they be expected to vote for him in the electorial convention? When Republicans vote for these men this fall they will calculate they are voting a Taft ticket, but will they be? —Port Allegany Reporter.

The Jack Johnson-Jim Flynn 45-round fight for the heavyweight championship was brought to a close in the ninth round at East Las Vegas, N. W., on July 4 by the State police. Captain Fornoff, of the State force, personal representative at the ring side of Governor McDonald, declared that it was no longer a boxing contest; that it was a brutal exhibition and that Flynn's foul tactics made its continuance impossible. He jumped into the ring with his deputies and drove the fighters and officials who followed him to the corners. Referee Ed W. Smith then announced that Johnson had won, and the fight was over. The battle was not a success financially, the receipts not going over $29,000, it is said. Las Vegas merchants are losers to the extent of $10,000 which they had invested in the fight, and Promoter Curley is said to have lost a pretty penny.

Ad Wolgast, with the aid of Referee Jack Welch, retained his claim to the lightweight championship on July 4, in the Vernon Arena, Los Angeles, when he was given the decision over Joe Rivers, of Los Angeles in the 13th round. Rivers had practically the better of every round save one or two in which Wolgast had a slight shade. In the 13th round Wolgast, tired and bleeding profusely, suddenly struck Rivers a vicious left in the groin. At the same instant Rivers' right landed flush on Wolgast's jaw and the champion went down and out. Disregarding claims of foul made by Rivers' manager, Referee Welch counted the Mexican youth out and then turning, picked up the unconscious Wolgast and declared him the winner. Referee Welch stands disputed by Rivers and by thousands of spectators in his decision that Wolgast won by a knockout. The Mexican fighter claimed a foul and in his dressing room he displayed a dented aluminum protector to prove his claim.

After an inquest into one of the 39 deaths which occurred Sunday, June 23, when an excursion dock at Eagle Park, Grand Island, collapsed and dropped a crowd of nearly 200 excursionists into the Niagara river, Guy H. Moore, first assistant district attorney, said that probably nobody could be held criminally liable for the catastrophe. "It was established," said Mr. Moore, "that the dock went down because it had rotted and because there were too many people on it. The law does not impose upon anyone the duty of inspecting or of keeping in repair these docks. Since that is so, there could be no charge of manslaughter because manslaughter is based upon wilful neglect where nobody is charged with a duty. It was developed that National or State legislation is needed for the examination of docks and their maintenance in a safe condition for the use of the public."

The two terrible railroad wrecks last week add another ghastly volume to the huge library of American railroad disasters. The one which occurred on July 4, near Elmira, N. Y., in which 41 lives were taken in toll for what the railroad officials declare was the engineer's carelessness, was one of the worst in railroad history. A heavy express train tearing along at 60 miles an hour through a dense fog, hit the rear of a stalled passenger train, nearly demolishing the entire train. The one occurring July 5 at Wilpen, Pa., was another shocking calamity. A crowded of people were returning from a 4th of July celebration when without warning a heavy double-header freight train crashed through the coach, bringing instant death to 21 innocent people and several more probably will die. These terrible accidents cause us to hope that some legislation may some day be enacted which will tend to prevent such a horrible toll of life from an innocent public. We believe that safety should take the place of speed on land the same as on sea.

The American athletics are making a record for themselves in Sweden in the Olympic games which are being held at Stockholm. They have for years swept almost everything before them in the quadrennial games, but this year they are starting out better than ever and it is particularly gratifying to note that the Swedish people, proverbially fair and sportsmanlike, are giving our contestants a specially hearty greeting, in marked contrast, it might be recalled, to the spirit which people much closer to America in blood and common interests have manifested in times past.

Following is the standing of all countries competing in the Olympic games, that have won ten points or more to date in all divisions of the contest:

United States	72
Sweden	56
Great Britain	45
France	19
Germany	17
Finland	17
South Africa	11
Denmark	10

But 20 people were killed this year in the celebrating of the Fourth of July. While this seems like a large number to be killed in celebrating the nation's birthday anniversary, in comparison with previous years it is much smaller. The "Safe and Sane Fourth" movement is gradually being pushed throughout the country and we hope the time will soon come when there will be no casualties to record in the press directly following the Fourth. The record compiled by the Chicago Tribune for this year's offering to patriotism, is as follows:

Dead	20
By fireworks	5
By cannon	1
By firearms	6
By gunpowder	6
By toy pistols	1
By runaway	1
Injured	643
By fireworks	316
By cannon	47
By firearms	34
By gunpowder	93
By torpedoes	53
By toy pistols	48
By bomb canes	7
By runaways	20
Fire Loss	$576,525

Previous records are:

Dead in country	1911	57
Dead in country	1910	181
Dead in country	1909	215

Remarkable as has been the development of the idea of State roads during the past few years, the new State road system of Pennsylvania surpasses any other yet signed, not even excepting that of California, which is spending $18,000,000 on a State road system. By "State roads" is meant those "through routes" or "trunk lines," which are destined to carry a traffic in which the importance of the through travel exceeds that of the local requirements; so that the people of the Commonwealth, instead of the people of a community should pay the cost of construction and maintenance, and permit the resources of individual localities to be expended in the lesser roads, which naturally act as "feeders" to the main lines, says the Oil City Derrick.

No other State is taking such an advanced position in favor of good roads as our own. For many years the need of some active movement for the betterment of the highways has been recognized, but it was not until within a recent period that enough interest could be combined to make it a success. Much of this awakening should be credited to the use of autos and to auto clubs. These are using the roads more than any other traffic, and consequently their interest in the improvement of the highways has been active. While it may be termed a selfish interest since it is largely for their advantage and comfort, it will be nevertheless a great benefit to all citizens of the State.

The legislature of 1911 enacted the Sproul law for a system of State roads approximately 8,000 miles in extent, and reaching every county seat, every large center of population and State lines in a great number of places where connections with the roads of other States may be made. The State highway department was reorganized on a new and greatly enlarged basis, and the details for putting the law into effect are being worked out.

At the same time the system of State highways was established, a resolution was passed by the legislature, so amending the Pennsylvania constitution as to permit the issue of bonds to the extent of $50,000,000 for road purposes. Under the Pennsylvania home law such a resolution must be passed by two successive legislatures, then be voted on by the people, and then the next legislature must enact laws arranging the details. The legislature of 1913 will undoubtedly pass the resolution, and the voters at the 1914 election are expected to vote in its favor.

Then, instead of waiting two years more for the legislature of 1915, it is expected that Gov. Tener, who greatly favors the measure, will call an extra session to provide the details. In the meantime, the State will work on such roads as it took over on June 1, to the extent that the last legislature provided appropriations for.

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

Condensed Summary of the Platform Adopted at Chicago.

The following constitutes the principal planks of the Republican platform on which President Taft will ask the nation's voters for re-election:

A self-controlled, representative democracy.

The authority and integrity of the courts, preserving their power inviolate.

Changing the system of government when needed, by amending the constitution in the prescribed way.

Scientific tariff revision, with duties high enough to protect adequately American industries and wages.

Laws to prevent special privileges and monopolies.

A federal commission to supplement the counts in avoiding delays in enforcing inter-state commerce laws.

Measures to prevent tedious and costly appeals in federal courts.

A more simple process of removal of derelict judges (although regarding the recall as unnecessary and unwise.)

Reference of all justifiable controversies between nations to an international court.

A prompt, scientific inquiry into the cost of living, to remove abuses.

Measures to prevent panics.

A parcels post.

Laws to give farmers facilities for borrowing money easily and cheaply.

Extending liability law to all federal employes with more liberal compensation.

Prohibiting corporation campaign contributions; with full publicity.

Conservation laws that will not discourage bona fide home seekers and prospectors and miners.

A treaty with Russia that will protect American citizens.

An adequate navy with condemnation of Democratic house for refusing to authorize battleships.

An adequate merchant marine.

Laws to insure safety at sea.

Liberal and systematic improvement of rivers and harbors.

Non-partisan government of the Philippines.

Citizenship for Porto Ricans

Relief from induced or undesirable immigration.

Endorsement of President Taft.

COUNTY COMMITTEE MEETS.

Republican County Committee Re-Elects Chairman and Secretary.

A meeting of the Republican county committee was held at the St. James hotel Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Notwithstanding the fact that it is a very busy time in the rural districts, there were 29 districts represented. The meeting was called to order by County Chairman Evans of Kane and Secretary Ryan called the roll.

George Paton of Bradford nominated Alf Evans of Kane for county cairman and the nomination was seconded by Frank Potter of Kane. Mr. Evans was re-elected unanimously.

The chairman was authorized to appoint his own secretary and to act as the treasurer of the county committee.

The chairman was authorized to appoint a committee on resolutions to prepare resolutions and report as the next meeting. The committee will be named at a later date.

The following resolution was read and adopted:

"Resolved: That we extend our sincere thanks to Chairman Evans and Secretary Ryan for their faithful and earnest work during the past year in the performance of their duties of their offices; and be it further resolved that inasmuch as the coming campaign will be unusually important and strenuous involving national as well as state politics with unique complications, therefore, the county chairman is hereby authorized to select and appoint Republicans in one or more sections of the county to assist him in most effectively directing and carrying on the campaign for the success of the whole ticket, should such action be deemed advisable by him, thus assuring the maximum held and co-operation to the local committee and making possible the closest attention in every detail of the work throughout the entire county."

Following the business of the meeting remarks were made by Senator Baldwin of Austin; Hon R. J Horton, and Hon R. P. Habgood of Bradford.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Mary Travis of Galeton is a guest of Mrs. Ring Chadwick.

John Kelley of Shinglehouse was a Smethport visitor the Fourth.

Miss Nell Eagan of Syracuse, N. Y. is spending a few weeks in town.

Joe Larkins of Austin was a guest of James Chisholm over Sunday.

Harold Day has returned from a four weeks' visit at Medina, N. Y.

S. F. Redfield and George J. Chase left Sunday for a week at Chicago.

Mrs. Claude Shattuck left Tuesday for an extended visit in Wisconsin cities.

Miss Sophia Hafner of Clermont has been the guest of friends in town for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Backus of Olean were the guests of relatives in town last Thursday.

Mrs. D. L. Forsythe left Tuesday for an extended visit with friends at Howell, Michigan.

Herman Tull was the guest of his sister, Miss Ethel, at Buffalo, a few days last week.

Mrs. C. W. Lillibridge and two children are the guests of the former's parents at Warren.

H. B. Ansell of Bradford, solicitor of the Bell Telephone Co., has been in town this week.

Miss Mary McCabe of Bradford spent the Fourth with her mother, Mrs. Ellen McCabe.

Misses Rita Roeder and Jennie Templeton of Farmers Valley passed the Fourth in town.

Misses Madge and Mary Truman were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy over Sunday.

Mrs. Waldo Sasse and children of Kane were guests at the home of Carl Sasse last week.

Miss Edna Anderson of Colegrove was the guest of Miss Ellanorah Colegrove last Thursday.

C. S. King and daughter, Miss Rose, and John Watters of Port Allegany were in town Sunday.

Miss Anna Barry has gone to Nevada for an extended stay, in hopes of benefitting her health.

Miss Mary Amster left Tuesday for Chicago where she will spend the summer visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Walker a few days last week.

(Additional Personals on Page 8.)

MEN ONLY
All Wool Blue Serge Suit Sale.
25---Blue Serge Suits---25
[Absolutely Guaranteed.]
GOING AT
$11.25
Try one on now while we have your size.
H. W. Rubin,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER.

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries
WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
han the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY
When they know it is filled
With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!
TRY THESE, They'll Please!
GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.
Made in the cup.
Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.
ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.
F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

$3.25 Niagara Falls
5 DAY EXCURSION
Saturday, July 20th
Train Leaves Newton 2:56 p. m.
via
Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry.,
"THE WAY TO GO"
C. O. D. PASCOULT, Division Passenger Agent, Pittsburg, Pa.
H. E. HUNTINGTON, General Passenger Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

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The Universal Endorsement of
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BAKING·POWDER
is shown by the fact that over twenty tons are used daily. This means that approximately 10,000,000 consumers daily "O. K." Davis Baking Powder for its unequaled quality and economy. No other Baking Powder gives such general satisfaction as to quality and price.
Sold by all good Grocers. Insist on having it.

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McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Peerces Bug Killer

Beats the old way all to pieces. Kills the bugs and increases the yield at the same time. Good for cucumber and squash vines as well as potatoes. Comes in bulk, you can get from one pound to a barrel.

We also have Paris Green in ¼lb, ½lb & 1lb pkgs.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

AT IT AGAIN

Reducing the Cost of Living by Selling Groceries at the Market Value, that is all.

Best Granulated Sugar	6c lb.
7 Bars Oak Leaf Soap	25c
7 Bars Lenox Soap	25c
6 Bars Felix Naptha	25c
Large Size Gold Dust	10c
Royal Baking Powder	20c
Kellogg's Corn Flakes 2c, 3 for	25c
Post Toasties 2c, 3 for	25c
Arm & Hammer Soda	6c
Corn Starch	6c

Headquarters for Fresh Fruit and Vegetables.

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery Bell 'phone 107

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 11, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—A cement crosswalk is being laid across Center street, at Mechanic.

—The Bradford races will start next Tuesday and continue for four days.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman, of Syracuse, N. Y., on Saturday, July 6, 1912, a daughter.

—The members of the Eastern Star and friends are holding their annual picnic at Frog Camp to-day.

—John R. McCarty is at Halton, Elk county, where he expects to be employed for several weeks.

—T. H. Purtle has been confined to his bed at the Commercial House by illness for the past few days.

—The Epworth League of the Methodist church will hold its regular monthly meeting in the chapel this evening.

—Waldo Engstrom, who has been confined to his home by a severe attack of tonsilitis, is much improved at this time.

—Frank Armstrong of Norwich has purchased a new five-passenger E. M. F. touring car, through the Backus Novelty Company.

—The Misses Edna and Dora Keenan entertained a party of ladies at bridge whist Tuesday afternoon at their home on Main street.

—O. E. Beckwith of Eldred was released Saturday from the county jail where he had been spending some time for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

—Alfred L. Madison and Miss Jennie Gifford, both of Crosby, Pa., were united in marriage on July 4, 1912, by Rev. J. W. McGavern at the Methodist parsonage.

—On July 5, 1912, Rev. J. W. McGavern performed the ceremony which united for life Miss Anna B. Burg and Albert Backus, both of Port Allegany.

—Frank Edwards of Coudersport, Pa., and Miss Garce Fields of Hazelhurst, Pa., were united in marriage at the home of the bride, Wednesday evening, July 3, 1912.

—Coudersport is making arrangements for an Old Home Week celebration. The event will start Monday, August 26th, and will continue for the balance of that week.

—The annual convention of the Seven County Firemen's association will be held in Galeton on August 7th and 8th. Big preparations are being made to entertain the visitors.

—William McGuoine, who was charged with defrauding his landlady, Mrs. Randall, of Norwich, was released Saturday. This case will be settled out of court upon payment of the board bill.

—S. W. Hubbard is having the barn on the rear of his lot, which faces Green street, remodeled into an eight-room dwelling house, which will be for rent when completed. Ed. Norman is doing the work.

—Miss Myra Sherburne entertained a large number of friends Tuesday evening at a dancing party at Holder's hall in honor of her guests, Misses Juanitia Mills and Florence Bentley. All report an excellent time.

—The regular July meeting of the Smethport Fire Department will be held in the hose parlors this evening. A good attendance is requested, as the reports of the various committees of the Fourth of July celebration will be read.

—Chas. W. Masser has a quarter-page advertisement on the last page of this issue which is of interest to you all.

—Rev. Russell D. Carter will preach next Sunday in the Baptist church at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Rev. Carter is a young man from Shinglehouse, Pa., and full of energy in Christian work. J. Booth, pastor.

—Mrs. Carrie Marks and son, Dick, Misses Lois and Hazel Green and Beatrice Gifford of this place, and Misses Theo Gifford and Gertrude Scudder of Williamsport, returned Monday from a few days' camp at Beechwood cottage, Frog Camp.

—The annual outing and "feed" of the McKean County Bar association was held at Crystal Spring, near Kane yesterday. The banquet was served at 6 oclock and was a great success. Many of the legal lights of this borough were in attendance.

—County Commissioned Anderson took Mrs. Hilda Anderson of Clermont, to the Warren asylum, Tuesday. Mrs. Anderson's husband deserted her several months ago, leaving her with nine children to care for, the youngest being three months old.

—On Tuesday fire did $500,000 damage at Thousand Island park, one of the popular St. Lawrence river summer resorts. No lives were lost. Practically the entire business section and about 200 cottages were destroyed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

—S. R. Hays and family, who have lived on the dairy farm of Elisha K. Kane for the past few years, have left for Kane where they expect to make their future home. The Miner unites with a large circle of friends in wishing them success in their new home.

—The body of Miss Anna G. Herrick, who died in Paris, June 20, left for New York Saturday, aboard the steamer Lapland. The funeral and bulal will be held at the Bolivar Methodist Episcopal church at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, July 9.—Bolivar Breeze.

—The following young people enjoyed a sausage roast at the quarry one evening the first of the week: Leona Hogarth, Marie Purtle, Myra and Inza Sherburne, "Jack" Morrison, Donald Hogarth, Harold Day, Denber Simkins, Robert Daly and Edwin Stetson.

—The annual basket picnic of St. Luke's parish will be held at Rivers-Inlet park next Wednesday, July 17. The picnickers will leave on the 8:47 a. m. Shawmut train and return on the 5:10 Shawmut. All members of the church and Sunday school are cordially invited.

—Thirty-three Boy Scouts of St. Marys, Elk county, left Monday morning for Warren where they will put in their spare time on the books of the Allegheny for a two weeks' camping trip. After their two weeks' recreation they will "hike" back home, a distance of about 40 miles.

—State permanent certificate examinations will be held at Emporium beginning at 8 a. m. Thursday and Friday, August 1 and 2. All applicants shall give the secretary of the board, Miss Lillian E. Royce, Eldred, Pa., at least ten days' notice prior to the date of the examination and name the subjects in which examination is desired.

—Three cases of diphtheria have developed at the home of O. D Cory, who resides on Pierce Brook, near Coryville. Mr. Cory has the dread disease and one of his children, and a young boy from Portville, by the name of Rice, who is visiting at the Cory home, also has the dread disease. All three cases are severe ones. Dr. Burg Chadwick, the attending physician, has administered anti-toxin to eight people, the other five being people exposed, but have not developed the disease as yet.

—William Funcheon, who is employed as a shove-in boy at the Smethport Window Glass company's plant, was painfully injured early Tuesday morning. He had a large roller of glass in his arms preparing to shove it in the flattening oven when it burst, cutting his right wrist and severing an artery. The young man walked to his home in the Hackett house, just east of the Shawmut tracks on East street, and medical aid was summoned. Mr. Funcheon was greatly weakened from loss of blood, but is getting along nicely at this time.

—The body of Milo Caffo, who so mysteriously disappeared from his home in Potter county on Wednesday, June 26, was discovered Friday afternoon of last week by two young boys who were fishing in the Allegheny river. They saw the head of a man floating in the water and immediately gave the alarm. When the body was rescued is was found to be that of Mr. Caffo. The funeral was held on Saturday. Mr. Caffo is survived by his wife and four sons. There is but little doubt that the unfortunate man was overcome by the extreme heat and in an insane moment deliberately ended his life.

—John Hockenberry of Bolivar lost a 65-barrel tank of crude oil last Wednesday night all on account of a cow. Mr. Hockenberry's lease is on the Benjamin Ingalls farm in Kansas hollow, town of Bolivar. He went to the lease on Wednesday, pulled the plug from the oil tank and let the water off. Then he placed the plug back in its place. Thursday morning when he arrived on the lease he was surprised to find the tank empty. Upon investigation he found that a cow had loosened the plug so that it fell out, allowing the oil to run to waste. The cow had evidently been licking up the salt water when she accidentally struck the plug, which was a long one. Mr. Hockenberry's loss is about $70.—Bolivar Breeze.

—The Erie railroad has cards at several of its stations in the vicinity of Meadville, offering some fine farms for sale cheap. The property came into possession of the railroad through its having found it more expedient to buy a number of farms between Meadville and Corry, where some extensive double-tracking is under way than to go to law to secure a right-of-way for the improvements. In all there are 90 farms in the list the company offers for sale. It is also said that changing the road from the present right-of-way to almost parallel with the Bessemer from Meadville to Greenville, Mercer county, will put some more farm properties in the hands of the railroad that may be purchased cheap.

—On Wednesday afternoon a Kane mother tucked her two-year-old child in bed up stairs for its usual afternoon nap, and after about two hours sleep the little one got up, went to an open window and climbed out on the porch roof. How long the child was there is not known, but a man passing the house discovered the child and informed the mother, who became very much excited, but composed herself when she went up stairs to get the child from the roof. She sat there picking the slivers from her hands when her mother spoke to her gently and asked her to come to her, being out of reach from the window. Had the child fallen from the roof it would have been killed or seriously injured.—Kane Republican.

—Loss Lawson, for the past sixteen years an employe of the South Penn Oil company, was found dead in bed Tuesday morning at his home in Grimsby. Mr. Lawson was taken ill on Monday, but it was not thought to be anything serious. He was 60 years of age, and a member of the Mt. Alton lodge of Odd Fellows, and the Empire State Degree of Honor. Deceased is survived by his wife, Mrs. Matilda Lawson, and the following stepchildren: Helma Anderson, Nels, Minnie and Esther Anderson, of Bradford, and Lorgen Anderson of Jamestown, his mother residing in Jamestown. Funeral services were held at the late home yesterday morning and today the body was taken to Mayville, N. Y., for burial.

—On Wednesday, July 3, Mark M. Pomeroy was arrested at the home of his father-in-law, Thomas W. Camp, Main street, this borough, by United States Marshall Dick, on a warrant charging him with embezzling funds from the Citizens' National bank of Port Allegany to an amount estimated to be $15,000. The indictment contains 21 counts. Mr. Pomeroy was taken before Justice of the Peace R. C. Gleason, who held him under $5,000 bonds for his appearance before the United States court, at Erie. Mr. Camp promptly went his bail. Mr. Pomeroy was an employe of the Citizens' National bank for ten years. He was assistant cashier and confessed that his peculations averaged $500 a month for some years. The discovery was made when National Bank Inspector Kerr made his semi-annual inspection of the bank.

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Ladies Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

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Saturday the Last Day.

Our Great Mid-Summer Clearance Sale ends at 10 o'clock Saturday night July 13th.

Good things can't last forever, you know, at least when they are so unusually attractive as this combination of time worthy merchandise and tiny profit mocking prices.

So no matter what you want—so long as its carried in our stock, make it a point to attend this sale before the doors are closed on Saturday night.

Just a few sample bargains—space does not permit of more than a hint or two.

Corsets 25c Value 50 to $1.50.

Dresses, Half price, Lawns, Linens and Ginghams.

Men's Shirts, 50c Value $1.00 to $2.00.

Suits—Half Price, Serge and Coverts.

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Skirts, Half Price, Serge, Panama and Voile.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT. : : : PA.

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It is now possible to make an automobile journey without a thought of your tires.

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Resilio is a vegetable compound which is forced into the inner tube hot, in a semi-liquid state, where it immediately vulcanizes, and is ready for the road in a few hours.

Pneumatic tires have not kept up with the Pace.

It is conceded that pneumatic tires are ten years behind the times in automobile construction, and many devices have been offered to cover this seemingly unconquerable fault.

Most of them have no merit, and some indifferent merit. Some are beyond reason because of the cost and it remains for

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The motorist whose tires are treated with RESILIO knows what it is to enjoy pneumatic tire speed, resiliency and comfort without pneumatic tire expense, trouble and worry. Knows what it means to feel that there can be No blowouts. No punctures. No extra tires or tubes to carry. No rim cuts. No leaky valves. No delays. No accidents. No dirty work on the roads.

It is not affected by heat or cold. Can be used in any tire under any conditions. Does not flatten from standing or lose its shape from any other reason.

IT IS PERFECTION IN A TIRE FILLER.

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Bashford Pride

By Marion Gordon

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"But, mother, we can't sit here and starve!" cried Harry Bashford impatiently.

"I'd rather starve than have it said a Bashford worked in the mill!" retorted his mother sternly.

"Well," and the young man drew a deep breath, "all I've got to say is that the Bashfords will be pretty thoroughly despised root and branch if I don't go to work and earn some money somehow."

"I suppose you mean that I'm the root, and you're the branch, seeing that we're the only two Bashfords left," remarked Maria Bashford, ironically.

"I don't know that I mean anything like that, mother, only it's this way: of course I understand your feeling in the matter—it would be a comedown after the mills being in the Bashford family for so many generations, for me, the last one of them, to go to work as a common hand—but I'm not fitted for anything else. What do I know?—absolutely nothing save how to spend money!" Harry spoke bitterly.

"If your Uncle David had not speculated and lost his own money as well as ours!" groaned Maria, flying to what was always her last argument when the matter came up for discussion as it did now daily.

"Well, he did lose it, and the mills passed into other hands, and Uncle David has been dead and buried for a year now—and here I am hanging around eating my head off! If you would only consent, mother, to my going into the mill for awhile anyway until—" He paused and a worried frown crossed his brow.

Maria was preparing for one of her "bad spells" that invariably ended all unpleasant discussions. She closed her eyes and leaned her head against the back of her chair.

"Please don't continue this discussion, my dear," said Maria feebly, "I really don't feel equal to it. I am afraid your poor mother will not long trouble you with her preposterous notions of proper self-respect—after I am gone you may disgrace the name of Bashford to your heart's content—I shall be beyond caring!"

Mrs. Bashford permitted her bewildered son to kiss her smooth brow, to draw the blinds and leave her to recover from the shock of the interview.

Harry Bashford took his cap and left the house. He paused on the wide driveway that led to the iron gates, and looked up at the comfortable white house that he had always known as his home. There were acres of rolling close-clipped lawns dotted with noble trees. Flower beds bordered all the paths and on a sunny slope was a pretty rose garden. It all showed the care of the old black gardener who was now fussing among a row of gorgeous dahlias.

It was not a magnificent home, but it was a handsome one, and Harry Bashford had never known anything different until a year ago. He had been the petted son of the great mill owner; Harry Bashford, and had been permitted to graduate from college with a higher record for athletics and a general good time than for brilliancy in his studies. Then had followed two years idling about Europe, dreaming away most of the time in the music centers of Germany, for Mr. Bashford had a strange pride in seeing his only son enjoy the wealth an earlier generation had struggled to accumulate.

"Let the boy enjoy himself!" he cried to expostulating friends. "I've made money enough to keep him the rest of his days in idleness if he chooses. The Bashford mills are built on a solid foundation of hard cash, and if I step out my brother David will run the whole thing, and all Harry will have to do will be to draw his share of the profits."

"Under no circumstances could I believe that you are pursuing a safe course with your son," his friend, Dr. Bell had said gravely. "Hasn't the lad any ambitions of his own?"

"Full of 'em—wants to help me out in the mill, but I don't want him around! Time enough when I'm gone if he has a taste for the knitting business. I never had a good time when I was a youngster, and I want Harry to have his fling," chuckled Bashford.

"He won't thank you for it, Bashford," muttered the doctor, turning on his heel and stamping off.

Dr. Bell was right. Harry Bashford was recalled from his foreign travels to attend the funeral of his father, suddenly stricken with heart disease. After it was all over Harry and his mother departed for Europe, leaving the business in the hands of David Bashford, a man of many theories and extraordinarily impractical in business affairs. Balanced by his partner, the dead man, he had managed to pin himself down to conservative business methods.

Now that his brother was dead and the widow and son were traveling abroad, David allowed himself full swing in the matter of experimental improvements in the mills as well as a dip into the excitement of Wall street speculation.

When Harry and his mother were summoned home by a peremptory cablegram from Dr. Bell, they discovered that David Bashford was a suicide and that they were penniless. Not only had the Bashford mills been foreclosed by creditors and sold to strangers, but even their home was lost through their share of the liabilities. All this ruin had been wrought by David.

When Maria Bashford recovered from the shock of these disclosures, she clung hysterically to her son, and would not permit him to leave her. Neither would she hear of his finding employment in the mill where his father had ruled for many years.

Bolstered by her false pride she kept him beside her. They were allowed to remain in the old home for a year at a large rental—which remained unpaid. Bashford credit in the village of Bashford had all been unquestioned, and Maria strained it to the utmost. She closed her eyes to the fact that black Nick and his wife, Heppy, were working for her unpaid; she even bemoaned the fact that she could not keep a second maid to help Heppy. She persisted in living in the same style to which she had become accustomed and the tradespeople came to believe that Mrs. Bashford had means of her own in reserve.

All this false standard of living affected Harry Bashford keenly. He, too, was proud, but his was the pride of youth that sees no disgrace in work. He was eager for the privilege of earning money, and he had gone even to the length of engaging a pretty little cottage belonging to Dr. Bell and proposed to his mother that they move there and live upon his wages as a worker in the mill if she would not permit him to leave the village to find work.

This morning's interview had terminated as every other one on the same subject had done.

Harry looked from the handsome home to the well-kept grounds, winced when he saw the wageless gardener, clenched his fists in his pockets and walked out of the gate.

He had sold everything that he owned personally to satisfy creditors, and now he had sent his remaining trinket, a small jeweled scarf pin, to the city to be sold. With the money obtained from the sale he intended to pay the two servants.

At Dr. Bell's gate he hesitated, and then swung it inward and went up the path. Across the garden he saw Alice Bell's slender form among her flowers. She saw him, but as his hand went to his cap he found that she had turned away and was absorbed in trailing a climbing rose.

His face turned scarlet. He knew that Alice Bell must despise him for what looked like deliberate idleness, and willingness to live upon tradespeople. He longed to set her right, but loyalty to his mother sealed his lips. The worst of it was, he had fallen in love with Alice Bell.

Dr. Bell was in his study when the young man was announced, and he pushed a box of cigars across the table and sank back into his deep chair. He was a beetle-browed little man with kindly blue eyes and frosted hair. He looked at Harry over his spectacles.

"Light up, Harry," he commanded.

Harry shook his head resolutely. "Don't tempt me. I've sworn off all that sort of thing until I can pay some of my debts."

"Good for you! Hope it hurts you to do it—makes all the better man of you in the end. Not but what you're good enough, lad, as it is, only I wish you'd had a chance!"

"Ah—you understand that I want a chance!" Harry muttered quickly.

The doctor nodded. "I understand the whole situation. Do you actually want to go to work in the mill, Harry?"

"Yes."

"Willing to start in as an operative on one of the machines?"

"Anything."

"Blake will give you a job of that sort at two dollars a day."

"I know it, only mother objects. You know she isn't very well—"

"She can stand a shock of that sort!" growled the doctor. "It will do her good in the end. You get the job and go to work and learn the business from the bottom up. I've got a mortgage on the Bashford mills, and it will have to be foreclosed some day. When it is I shall want a man to step in and take charge of the place, and if it's a chap by the name of Bashford, so much the better! Not a word to your mother or anybody else! Understand?"

Tears were in Harry Bashford's eyes as he wrung the good doctor's hand and they were there as he left the house and hurried straight to the mill. There he got the coveted job, and the next morning went forth with the other workers to spend a day in the racketing mill.

Dr. Bell was in daily attendance upon Mrs. Bashford, and whether it was his carefully pointed ridicule at her false pride, or whether she succumbed to his arguments and really saw that her son was indeed more of a man now that he had come into his heritage of labor, she grew used to the idea and after awhile Heppy could openly hang Harry's working overalls and blouse on the clothes line without protest from her mistress.

It was hard work and grilling for the youth brought up in idleness of a sort, but there was sweet recompense in the approval of his little world, of the added respect for himself and his co-workers. Time came when he was able to buy back the home on easy payments, but that was long after they had removed to the little cottage.

When at last they did move back to the old home, Harry Bashford was the proud proprietor of the Bashford mills and the bride who accompanied him was none other than the Alice Bell whose coldness and disapproval had helped to make a man of him.

The Dream Child

By A. E. Gunter

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There was a streak of paint on Alice's nose, which made her feel strangely cross-eyed, her hair had fallen about her shoulders, and her back was aching. David's letter lay unopened in her lap, and that was queer, for David was ill at an out-of-town sanitarium, and a girl is supposed to take some interest in her fiance's health. But Alice believed in art for art's sake, and David could wait. Tomorrow the entries would begin for the Worton art exhibit and she must put the finishing touches to her picture.

The room was bare and ugly, since art for art's sake is not always profitable, but now that the huge canvas was there, to enter was like coming from the filth and din of the streets into still midsummer woods, into haunted forest. Beneath a moss-hung oak, knee-deep in a tangle of bracken and fern, stood a little girl, with wide eyes and expectant face. She was looking for the fairies, that child, and she would surely find them, for she knew that fairies really lived. You felt that they would peep out at her the moment your back was turned.

Henry Blaine, the portrait painter, tried to catch them at it by turning away ever so carelessly and then whirling suddenly back. They were not to be tricked by a grown-up like that; they whisked out of sight in a second, but Blaine declared that he could see the grasses quiver. He shook his finger at the little dream child. "I caught them, didn't I?" he asked, but she would not tell on the fairies, not she.

Every student in the building praised it, and they were frank and unsparing critics. Even Billy Goldsby held his glib tongue for fully five minutes when he saw the picture. Billy had been raised on the streets of New York, and he had never had a childhood, nor wanted one, but for five minutes he felt with vague resentment, that, as he himself put it, he had been "done out of something."

Goldsby represented a large advertising firm, and he was always hanging around the studios in search of novelties. Being entirely commonplace himself, he had a wonderful faculty for choosing pictures that would appeal to the average person, and though he could not have explained that in this painting Alice had ensnared the universal heart of childhood, he did know that the Dream Child would attract attention anywhere.

"Say, Miss Wade," he announced, approvingly, "the kid's a regular hold-up. The blind man couldn't pass her without looking back. I'll give you $300 down for the picture."

Alice continued to slap on the paint with loving strokes. "Sell the Dream Child?" she repeated in horror. "Why, I wouldn't sell her for anything in the world. She's my life, my heart, my soul."

When he was gone she climbed down and surveyed her picture contentedly. It was good work, and she knew it, and hoped that it would take the Daneleigh medal. That high goal of artistic ambitions was awarded every five years, and Alice had set her heart on winning it. She had been savagely selfish for her art, she knew, had sacrificed everything to it and at last it seemed about to reward her.

David Arden was one of the things that she had sacrificed, and now she opened his letter absently. It was cheerful throughout, for sickness could not cloud David's brave spirit, but toward the end there was a paragraph that startled her: "I am getting well rapidly here," he wrote, "but don't know whether I can stay. This place eats up money like a taxicab. But don't worry, little girl, for I'll soon be on my feet."

Alice read that paragraph over and over again, with growing anxiety. David had been a successful illustrator, and it had not occurred to her that he could be in want, yet the long illness must have cost him a great deal of money. If he was improving, of course David must stay where he was, but when she tried to think where the money was to come from, Alice grew panicky. Her own resources had dwindled most painfully, while she was working on the Dream Child. She looked about her room for something to pawn or sell, but it was practically bare. There was nothing of any value in it except the picture of the little girl—the Dream Child. Goldsby had said that he would give her $300 for the Dream Child.

Alice covered her face with her hands and tried to fight off that horrible thought. She could not, would not sell the Dream Child. It would be more than the ruin of her ambitions, it would be like selling part of her own soul. She had planned the picture in her early girlhood; it was woven of the long, long thoughts of youth, embodied the sweetest memories of her childhood. And all the time she realized with sickening clearness that there was no other way to get the money.

Very slowly and miserably she put on her coat. If she delayed, Goldsby might change his mind. With face averted, for she could not meet the innocent eyes of the Dream Child, she walked over to the canvas, and took it from the easel. Soberly, as if it were a sacrament, she laid one kiss on the little girl's soft hair, then hurried over to Goldsby's office. A few minutes later she stumbled out, with tear-blinded eyes, and $300 in her pocket.

David would not take the money from her, she knew, but he had a queer old cousin, Baxter Arden, who worked for a meager pittance in a downtown office. Alice had always liked this shy, crumpled little man, and she was sure that she could persuade him to send the money to David in his name. She would tell him it was a loan, which David would not let her repay.

At Baxter's lodgings, however, she was disappointed. Mr. Arden was out of town and the landlady did not know when he would return. There was nothing to do but wait, so Alice spent three miserable days with Goldsby's check burning in her purse like blood money. She could not bear the emptiness of her room; she wandered in the parks all day, and at night kept up her courage by writing love letters to David.

David was not allowed to write often, but the third day she received an answer from him, a letter full of frank adoration. He had been receiving five or six love letters a day from a sweetheart who was usually rather neglectful, and he was fairly maudlin with joy. For pages he raved, but at the very end of the letter he gave important news. Old Baxter Arden was there on a visit. "And he's pathetically proud of my work," wrote David, "cuts out all my illustrations and saves them. You ought to hear him speak of 'my cousin, the famous illustrator.' And here's the wonderful thing, Alice, the old man has saved up quite a small fortune by the simple method of never spending anything, and he offers to lend me all I need. I'm to stay on here, and the doctors tell me I'll be well before many weeks. So get your wedding dress made, for when I do get up you can't put me off again."

Then David did not need the money! Alice saw that at a glance. She sprang up and ran dizzily, wildly, for her hat. It was not too late to compete for the Daneleigh medal, she would give Goldsby back his check, she would snatch her little dream girl from the polluting gaze of the vulgar herd that filled his office and carry her to the lofty atmosphere of the Worton galleries.

She hurried through the streets, so intoxicated with her new happiness that she was quite unconscious of the attention her breathless haste attracted. Near Goldsby's office she was forced to stop. A sign paster was putting up a poster and a crowd had gathered afore it. They were shabby, ordinary people, but they stared at the picture in dumb admiration. Even the policeman on the beat was stealing a peep at it. With a sudden catch at her heart, Alice made her way toward the billboard. It was a very simple picture, yet it seemed as if one turned from the din and filth of the street into the haunted forest. There beneath a moss-hung oak, knee-deep in bracken and fern, stood a little girl with wide eyes and expectant face.

But she would never see the fairies, that child, though she knew that fairies really lived, for all day and all night the street before her was filled with the roar of traffic, and the pavement echoed with the footsteps of the worldly wise, the weary, the sinful. So poignant was the appeal of the upturned face that you would not notice that she held a small object tightly clasped in one hand, would not notice it until the sign paster, with a last sweep of his brush, stuck a lurid caption beneath the picture. "Have you used Lavina? The purest soap on earth."

For a long time Alice gazed in silence, then she smiled, though there were tears in her eyes. "You'll never see the fairies," she whispered to the child, "but you'll see a great deal of life, my little dream girl, and real people are better than make-believes. As for me, I'll use the money for a trousseau. Anybody can try to be an artist, but only one woman in the world can be David Arden's wife."

At The Phone.

"For me, life has been so satisfying that my curiosity lies pretty near dormant," an old man said; "but even now I am capable of wondering over persons who blush at the telephone. People do blush then very often. A pretty girl whom I watched the other day turned the color of a pink rose at something told her over the wire. I wish I could have heard. It must have been something nice, for only a pleasing message could make a girl look so happy and foolish as she looked then.

"The man who used that same telephone an hour later also got pretty red in the face, but it wasn't a compliment that made him color up, I'll swear. He looked mad enough to eat somebody, and if he could have laid hands on the fellow who had made him blush I suspect there would have been some lively doings in that neighborhood."

Cemetery for Pets.

The picturesque village of Molesworth, Huntingdon, England, possesses an unusual cemetery. It has been established about seven years, and up to date there have been interred about 300 pets, mostly dogs, although there are a few birds, about fifty cats, a marmot, and four monkeys. The place is beautifully kept, the graves being planted with flowers, while the stones and curbs are principally of white marble with suitable inscriptions.

Will Written in Ledger.

The will of Mr. Edmund Hunt of Manor Farm, Lower Clatford, Hants, England, disposing of £41,926, was written on a page in a ledger, from which it had to be torn by order of the registrar.

The Bar of Red

By Jane Gaboa

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"Spell it," said Constance, biting the end of her pencil.

Lois glanced at the slip of paper beside her. "L'Hommedieu," she spelled out slowly. "First name Paul. What does that mean, Connie?"

"Man of God, doesn't it, or God's man. Very mediaeval, isn't it? Have you seen him?"

Lois nodded absently, her hands idle on her lap, her eyes looking out of the west window to where the falls swept over the dam in a great flashing horseshoe of light and foam. Above it the logs were piled high in a jam. From the window she could see the men working on them, prying, pushing, trying to release them.

"It's the second day," Constance talked on with the easy cheerfulness of sixteen. She was fresh from the convent up at Grandiere, the quaint old Canadian town across the Straits. Here in the white pine country of the Peninsula she seemed lost.

Lois was different. Years ago when both girls were children, a man had ridden one day up through the great forests from the lake settlements, and he carried a child before him on the saddle, a girl with great, dark-lashed blue eyes like his own, and short curly brown hair.

"She had for mother a French girl down Charlevoix way," he told Constance's mother and father, who kept the big log house boarding place above the falls, where the loggers lived in the season. "She is very quiet little girl. She will not bother anybody. I will take care of her, and pay for her."

"You any relation to her?" asked Betty Morgan, in her cheerful way that no one took offense from. "She looks just like you."

"She is my daughter," the man told her simply. "Her mother is very beautiful girl."

"Where is she?" asked Betty bluntly, eyeing the child, and noting the good quality of her clothes. This was no logger's child, she decided.

"She is dead, but one month now," he answered gravely, one hand upon the child's head. "After this Lois and myself we have to grow up together, eh, Lois?"

He had stayed there in the white pine country for years, making few friends, living at the Morgans, working steadily, happy to watch the child grow and blossom. She was a tall, strong limbed girl, unlike the fluffy-haired, blue-eyed Constance. She could step from log to log like the men, and loved to climb on the piled up mass of a jam above the falls, and peer over at the foaming, leaping water far below.

"It makes me dizzy to do that, Lois," Connie would say. "How can you? You are like a boy."

"Ah, if she had been a boy, history would have been all changed," her father would exclaim; a sudden glow lightening his eyes. "Then she would have taken up my work and finished it; now I must leave it go for her sake, and rest always beside her."

As she grew older the words had a new meaning for Lois.

"There is somebody you would take revenge on," she asked one day, with a touch of his own abruptness. He met her gaze in silence for a minute.

"How old are you, Lois?"

"Nearly sixteen."

"Your mother was nineteen when you were born. She is so beautiful, Lois; I can never tell you how beautiful she was. And there is one man who hates me always because I have married her. He followed me down from the Straits, then back up through the Territory, then down again, always we know he is just there, behind us. And finally, one night he came to our place, our house, and she sits by the fire rocking you to sleep. We are far in the woods, so we give always the night's shelter to anybody who is lost. But when I see his face I remember him, and your mother put you down quickly, and comes between us, even while he lifts his gun and shoots at me."

Lois' strong young hand clasped his tightly. Her cheek was pressed against his knee as she knelt beside him.

"Did he get away?"

"Yes. I have to look after her first. "He patted her hair gently. "Some day maybe we will find him."

"If we ever do," whispered Lois, "it won't make any difference, my being a girl. I will help you, father."

But the breath of life slipped out of old Fontaine before his heart's desire came true, and Lois had been left alone at the Morgans. Connie went to the convent, but she remained alone in the woods, with old Mrs. Morgan. Then every spring when the logs were floated down the river, there came Paul L'Hommedieu up from the lake settlements to work in the logging camp. He was the first man whose eyes had looked straight into Lois', whose broad young shoulders overtopped her own, who was not afraid of her keen wit and swift tongue, or chilly ways. And the third spring, when Connie came home from the convent, he had told Lois that he loved her, and would take her away with him to the lake towns when the logging season was over.

Constance knew nothing of the love that had grown in the shadow of the great towering pines, and very charmingly, very frankly, she bestowed her coquetries and favors on the tall, blonde lumberman.

"Make eyes and shrug shoulders at the other men," Lois told her, surely. "Paul is mine."

"Is he?" laughed Constance. "You have good taste."

"That night the two girls stood watching the jam, and men working on it like beavers. Paul paused a moment by their side.

"In Charlevoix we have nothing like this, Lois," he said, tenderly. "You will miss it."

Constance's lashes drooped.

"You are from Charlevoix?" she asked innocently.

All that afternoon she had been making inquiries among the other men, and the whole past of the lad lay open to her. She knew that he had ignored her advances, and the little tang of Indian blood that ran in her veins from big Kirk Morgan sang its own little song of revenge. "Did you ever know a man there name Fontaine?"

Both Lois and Paul turned to look at her.

"Louis Fontaine?"

"He was Lois' father." Constance smiled slowly, straight up into his eyes. She had found out that the man who had shot Lois' mother was named L'Hommedieu. The startled look in Paul's eyes did the rest for her. "Eh, Paul, if it were only twenty years ago, and your father could meet him here, there would be more tragedy. It would make our old woods livelier."

Lois' eyes questioned him mutely. Did the bar of red lie between them, making their love almost a horror to think of? His own eyes were filled with startled dread.

A cry of the men on the jam made him leap for the nearest logs, as the mass started to move towards the falls. He had gained the summit of the jam. Lois watched him with a quick beating heart. She heard Constance laugh beside her.

"Is he yours now?" she asked, softly.

The men were leaping from the logs now, as they neared the falls. It was risky work, always to catch a foothold on the swirling, ever turning, slippery logs. The last was Paul. A log caught in midstream and swept crossways. Another dovetailed it, more clambered like living things on its ridge, and a second jam was threatened. Paul worked steadily, deftly, while the men shouted to him of his danger, there on the very brink of the falls. When the logs parted, he might be swept to certain death with them. And suddenly Lois started out towards him over the logs. She had no thought of saving him, rather a desperate longing to go with him when he went over. But the shout from the shore unnerved him, and as he looked back to catch its cause, he lost his footing, and fell backwards into the water.

At any second the jam might give way and sweep them over, but Lois reached the place, and as he rose she caught him, and hauled him half way up on the logs. He had been struck on the back of the head and was half unconscious, but she held him until Morgan and another lumberman had come to the rescue. And just as they reached the shore in safety with their burden the jam gave way with a mighty roar and the logs dashed over the falls like jackstraws.

It was the next week after Constance had gone back to the convent that Paul opened his eyes and looked at the figure beside his bed. His head was bandaged and his whole body throbbed with pain. One thing in all the world seemed to stand out clearly—Lois' uplifted face, with the deep blue eyes, and dark curly mass of hair around it, and her lips, a wonderful deep coral red against the clear olive of her face.

"Was it not punishment enough to know he had killed the one he loved?" he asked slowly. "He suffered most, Lois. I can remember. He was not my father, but my father's younger brother. We came down from the Straits to care for him after he lost his mind. I can always see him pacing up and down the sand on the lake shore, calling to Lois to come back and set him free from torment. I did not know that I would love Lois too—another Lois."

Lois knelt beside the bed and laid her face against his head, as she had loved to do to her father's, and both knew the bar of red could cast no flame of ruin over their young lives. Love had turned it to living gold.

Scholarly, Industrious Writer.

The death in England of Prof. Alfred John Church has terminated a career of extraordinary physical vigor and literary activity. Professor Church was best known to scholars as the translator with W. J. Brodribb of Tacitus' and Pliny's letters. But he had a much larger audience among English boys and girls by his popular versions from Homer, Virgil, Herodotus and Livy. Altogether he was the author of some seventy books, which, however, must have represented a comparatively small part of his literary labors, if The Nation's statement is true that he was the author of nearly 40,000 book reviews. Most of his critical work was done for The Spectator, to which he was introduced by R. H. Hutton. He was for a time curate to F. D. Maurice. He was all his life a cricketer, and as a fisherman had a British record of catching seventy-four salmon in five weeks. When he was over seventy he took up golf.—New York Evening Post.

Dreams as Facts.

We never have a fantasy so subtle and ethereal but that talent merely, with more resolution and faithful persistency, after a thousand failures, might fix and engrave it in distinct and enduring words, and we should see that our dreams are the solidest facts that we know.—Thoreau.

A MISTAKE AND A MISS

By ARTHUR W. PEACH

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The manager of the Avenue Garage turned with an anxious face from the telephone He looked across at the neat, well-dressed young fellow lounging in his office.

'By George! I'm in for it! I agreed to have my best driver here for a party this afternoon, and I haven't got a man on the place; and here's a call from the best customer I have. I can't go myself"

The young fellow straightened up "Look not so worried, Gleason, why wouldn't I do?"

The manager stared, then his anxious face eased "Hilton, if you will do this for me, I'll be your slave for the next decade. But if you go, remember you aren't driving that big speeder of yours, and forget, too, that you are the only son of a multi-millionaire, and remember that you aren't to talk unless you're asked to But if you will help me out—I will remember it, I assure you."

"Oh, I'm game; it's a new kind of a lark, and I will remember"

A little later, as he seated himself in the big touring car, in a snug chauffeur's uniform, he turned to Gleason "I guess I'll keep the goggles on, so if I should happen to meet some of my friends Now where is it?"

"1367 First avenue——"

"What! Why, man alive, there's where a girl lives whom I have been trying to convince that I am just the right age to marry Jephosaphat! I don't know—about—this——"

'Well, don't take the chance then ——"

Hilton sat up "Take a chance—I never let one go by So long"

The big car murmured out of the roadway into the smooth avenue and he sent it humming down the broad street. He knew that he would have to play his cards well to escape detection, for the eyes of Alice Vernon, gentle and blue as they were were keen. If she discovered him masquerading at her expense, he thought to himself it would be one long good night with an exclamation point in heavy type He drew his heavy goggles far down over his eyes, sunk as much of his six feet as he could into the seat, drew the hat down until it hid the kinks in his hair, and drew up in front of the residence of Senator Vernon

A maid had evidently been on the watch, for in a few minutes the trim, girlish figure of the girl he loved came lightly down the broad steps, and was handed into the car by the footman Hilton thanked his stars that she gave him not a glance His hand went to the brakes then paused on her order

Hilton swore softly and tenderly under his breath; for coming serenely toward him was his most earnest rival, Sidney Farland Hilton wondered what was going to happen; he found out. A sweet voice behind him said. "Good morning, Sidney, I am going for a little spin out and back; are you going down?"

Hilton hoped to heaven that he never appeared so eager for an invitation or accepted one as eagerly as Farland did

They rolled off, Farland chatting behind in his eager, impetuous way, and Hilton himself, humped down in his seat feeling like swearing impetuously. It was a pretty how-do-you-do—acting as chauffeur for a sweetheart and a rival.

He listened to the merry chatter behind him, and the gall in his thoughts grew bitter He, himself, even came up for a topic of conversation, and she said little Farland very industriously went on to amplify into little details the miserable story that he had heard was going the rounds about him—all a lie Hilton was sure he had found out who was industrious in spreading it; but the thought did not serve to sweeten his viewpoint on life

As they drew near the streets leading to the business section, Hilton was in hopes that Farland would ask to be dropped but far from it, and the next thing he knew, she was asking him to go with her on the spin

They whirled out onto the smooth state road It was a glorious day—just the kind of a day to make hearts beat faster, especially hearts that are in love

Hilton heard the voices behind him grow a little lower after a while; under the rules he should have been busily thinking of other things; but his conscience did not trouble him and he listened with all the power of hearing he could muster

There was no doubt about it, he said to himself Farland was going to propose to her The thought sent a chill through him Alice had not been very kind toward him the last few weeks and he had heard that Farland had a good show Softly he heard the voices running on behind him.

"All there is to it, Alice," Farland was saying, "I care more for you than any other girl in the world I am in a position to prove that. One thing is certain. There is no one else who does love you as I do," he added earnestly

A sweet clear voice said "Well, I have others, you know There is Glenn Hilton?"

"Pooh! He!" Alice, he cares for nothing except a clear road and that big French racer of his Besides there are other reasons why he—doesn't—

"Yes, I know Really, I care very little for him He is so sure—so sure though, that I care for him"

Hilton groaned as he heard the last. But he listened.

"You don't suppose our chauffeur is ill do you? I just heard him make a funny noise."

"No, he was clearing his throat. Alice, please look at the matter seriously It it the biggest thing in the world to me. Give me a bit of encouragement."

"Sidney, as I have said, I like you, and it wouldn't take much to change the l and the f for c and a v——no—wait, not here!"

Hilton shut his teeth. His mind was firm If she started to give Farland a definite answer, he would chuck the machine into the ditch.

There was silence a moment, then she said "Sidney, I guess I might as well say——"

Then she screamed, and Farland shouted Hilton brought the big car up in the ditch with a jerk, and immediately fell to rubbing his right wrist. "Pardon—but—I have a cramp—in my wrist." He moved around, doubled up, and gasping "I guess—you'll have to drive—this—car—back, sir," he gasped to Farland where the other stood evidently swearing under his breath. "This—puts—my—arm—out—of commission!"

"Well, get in—confound it!" Farland said

Hilton, still bent over with anguish, climbed into the seat beside the driver's and off they whirled.

Not a word was spoken, but Farland looked at him once as if he would like to have cracked his skull; and Hilton was thankful that the big goggles hid his face.

When near the business section she asked Hilton if he felt better, and Hilton immediately agreed, with the result that they changed places, Farland going into the back seat But Hilton knew that Farland had missed his opportunity

At the corner from which they turned up the Avenue she ordered Hilton to stop so that Farland might have a shorter distance to go to his office, as she phrased it, and Farland left, after receiving permission to call that evening

Up the Avenue to her door they swept He brought the machine to a standstill and sat quiet staring straight ahead The footman came hurrying down, and to Hilton's surprise was ordered back.

When the door closed, out of the corner of his eye he saw the dainty figure step around beside him, and a bomb greater than any that ever exploded in a man's knowledge blew up right there

"Glenn Hilton, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Sad music, please, he said to himself, then to her—'For heaven's sake, Alice, don't scold me; I've suffered as I never did before" Her face was calm and cold

"I did this to help out Gleason; there wasn't a man available up there. I didn't know you were going to ask Farland, and I didn't suppose you would recognize me!"

She looked at his begoggled face still coldly, though there was a strained appearance about her expression He went on hastily, "But I've learned the truth"

Then she laughed as if immensely pleased "Why, foolish, I knew it was you from the moment you appeared and whirled that car up as only you can, then those little teeny, kinky curls under your cap—a woman's eyes can see You didn't fool me a moment."

Then her face softened, strangely, wonderfully 'It was foolish of you to run the car into the ditch when you did for I was going to say—"

"What?" he gasped

She slipped back from the machine to the steps Something in the glint of her eyes, the poise of her figure, made him grip the wheel tight.

"Just opposite what I shall say to you, if you will come up tonight thirty minutes after Farland." Then she disappeared.

A few motor-cops eyed the big touring car that came down the avenue keenly, and peeked at shining instruments, quickly, at the garage corner, a few pedestrians breathed prayers of relief where they did not curse volubly and soulfully, a moment later the manager of the Avenue Garage was begging for mercy as a big six-foot pounded him in the back, and called him endearing names, punctuated with words of gratitude

Lepers in Revolt.

Japan is having a great many strikes just now, but perhaps the strangest is that of the lepers at Kameyama hospital, Tokio The hospital was founded and is conducted by a society of French monks, and contains about three hundred leper patients The costs of the establishment are paid by voluntary subscriptions and by the sale of the produce of the hospital garden and handiwork of the patients The latter receive no payment for their services beyond their board, lodging and medical attendance and a small sum for pocket money, which is calculated at the rate of a farthing a day Recently the lepers demanded an increase in their pocket money allowance to a half-penny a day, and on the refusal of the father superintendent they struck work, and over a hundred escaped from the hospital by night by climbing over the wall. They were subsequently recaptured by the local police and reconducted to the care of the monks.

In Self Defense.

Bacon—Why do the hens go to roost so early?

Egbert—To get some rest. Haven't you noticed how early the roosters begin crowing?

BABY THEN TOOK HER NAP

Does Things to Unbreakable Doll That Inventor Had Believed to Be Impossible.

A New Jersey man and his wife went on a little vacation trip with some friends in an automobile last week. They left the baby at home with the maternal grandmother and the baby's uncle. All the while the parents were away the baby was uppermost in their thoughts. In one of the towns they passed through they saw a sign in a shop window advertising an "unbreakable" doll. They stopped the machine and hurried in to get one for the baby It was just what they had been looking for, and it seemed a providential occasion to fill a long-felt want

When they got home they gave the unbreakable doll to the baby. The baby is a little maiden not yet two years old, but already has a fondness for dolls. She has also a desire to destroy them that some of the friends of the family call abnormal She has more ways of breaking up her dolls than have ever been noticed before Therefore what would happen to the unbreakable toy was a matter that was watched with considerable interest not only by her immediate family but by those in the neighborhood who were informed of the experiment.

The baby did not have the doll in her arms more than two minutes before she tried her strength. At the first attempt to pull it apart she was unsuccessful, and appeared to be puzzled. After swinging her right arm to and fro and seeming to do a little shadow boxing just to see if she was in good condition or whether the trouble was with the doll, she tackled it again This time she did better, and the doll retired from the encounter with a fractured skull This seemed to encourage the baby, and she hurled the doll with excellent aim and all her force against the marble fireplace The doll's neck was broken as the result. In half an hour, as the result of the baby's efforts, the unbreakable doll was reduced to pieces fit only for the scrap heap Then the child lay down for her afternoon nap and went to sleep with a seraphic smile on her face She had achieved what the inventor of the unbreakable doll had believed to be impossible She did not know this but she was well satisfied with the result

His Reason for Secrecy.

Every fight fan in New York, says the correspondent of The Cincinnati Times-Star, knows little "K. O." Brown, who has won that title because he wins most of his battles by a knockout. When he is in the ring he is a muscular youngster, all wire and muscle, and with a most formidable fighting frown. Outside the ring he is just a schoolboy, blonde smooth-faced, modest and everything but pugilistic in appearance. The other night the coppers raided the street on which he lives and caught "K O" and a dozen other youthful malefactors. They had been playing football in the open street. They were taken to Night Court.

"C'n I give a name that ain't me own?" asked "K O" of the court.

The magistrate wanted to know what was up, of course, and expressed astonishment when he was told that the quiet, pleasant looking little chap was the fighter who is working his way toward the top of the pugilistic tree.

"And why do you want to keep your name a secret?" asked he of young Brown

"Because," said the fighter, "if me mother hears that I have been pinched she'll lam the daylights out of me."

Too Unpleasant.

Dr. William J Gies of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, was discussing at a dinner in New York, his recent dictum that cannibalism is the ideal diet, for the reason that the best food is the one which most nearly approaches the bodily composition of the eater.

"Cannibalism is the ideal regimen," said Dr Gies, smiling, "and the books of Stanley, Jameson, Barttelot and other explorers will bear me out. The cannibals of the Congo are wonderfully fine fellows physically

"But cannibalism is, of course, as unpleasant and as impossible as the economy suggested by the southern housewife.

"'Here,' said her husband to her, 'if you're going in to the village, buy me 5 cents' worth of snuff'

"But the woman shook her head

"'No, she said, 'times are too hard for snuff-taking In future, John, you must just tickle your nose with a straw.'"

Royal Abbess of Seventeen.

The Archduchess Elizabeth Francesca, oldest unmarried granddaughter of the emperor of Austria, who made her debut at the first Viennese court ball of the season, did not present so picturesque a figure as her cousin, the Archduchess Elizabeth Mary, on a similar occasion.

Until her marriage with Prince Otto, su Windischgraetz the Crown Prince Rudolph's daughter was abbess of the order of St. Therese and wore the velvet and ermine robes of her office at all state functions.

With these she carried a pastoral staff, studded with jewels, presented to the order by St. Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia, 600 years ago.

A miter of peculiar shape perched on the curly head of the seventeen year-old archduchess gave a piquant finish to her appearance when she made her first public courtesy to her grandfather.—Pall Mall Gazette.

SERENA'S SUMMER BOARDER

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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"There's only one way to do it," said Serena.

"But we couldn't, could we?" asked little Mrs. Blair, anxiously. "We have never had any strange people in our house."

'One boarder isn't 'strange people,'" Betty reminded her, "and I'll advertise for some dear old soul with gray curls, and a lap dog—I should love the dog, mumsie."

Mrs Blair sighed resignedly

"You never could take things seriously," she said

Serena smiled and ran away to get the lunch But when she reached the kitchen her face lost its brightness "If mother only knew," she whispered to the big yellow cat on the window sill, "if mother only knew, I haven't money enough to pay for the advertisement."

"I want to put an advertisement in a city paper," she said to Alvin Green that night, "and I haven't any money. I guess I'll have to borrow it, and you can take your pay in eggs."

"All right," said Alvin Green. He was an old friend of the family and kept the village store.

"Mother doesn't know just how hard up we are," Serena explained, "but I told her we'd have to take some one to live with us, and finally she agreed"

The advertisement when written read as follows:

"Board for single lady in private family Big first-floor bedroom opening on a porch. Fresh eggs, clover honey, brook trout, spring chickens, home cooking. Fireplace, old mahogany, solid silver, lake view."

She hand it to Alvin

'It's the queerest advertisement I ever saw," he said

"Well," Serena told him seriously, "I put that in about the mahogany and the silver because nice people like such things"

A few days later a letter came Serena carried it over to Alvin "Listen to this," she cried

"Your advertisement sounds like peaches and cream to me," it said 'I'm coming on Saturday night. Don't let any one else have that room or the fresh eggs, and I want to corner that honey—and will you please have hot biscuits? I'll pay twenty five dollars a week. Don't try to change my price, because I shall probably make a lot of trouble, and I want to bring my dogs."

"I wonder if it's Miss or Mrs.," said Serena, thoughtfully.

Alvin read the note again. "Well, from the kind of English she uses, and the way she slings around her money, I should say she was a gay widow, and I'll bet the dogs are bull pups."

On Saturday night the big front bedroom was in readiness. There were roses in a silver bowl on the shining mahogany dresser There were fresh white curtains blowing gently in the soft breeze. A little fire burned on the hearth. "For she may be cold," said Serena, "and the evenings are cool."

In the dining room the table was set with the fine linen and the old glass and silver that Mrs. Blair had saved out of the wreck of her fortunes

"She will be here at six," said Serena, coming in from the kitchen where Miranda Meek presided over the stove Serena had on a white linen skirt and thin blouse, and her red brown curls were caught up high on top of her head "I hope she'll be nice and that you will like her"

A muffled scream from the kitchen started both of them. Then Miranda burst in. "They've come in an automobile. A great big red one, and there's two dogs on the back seat, and a man in front, and I don't see any woman"

"It isn't our boarder," said Serena, peeping out. "Probably something has happened to that poor man's machine, we'd better go and see."

But when she reached the porch she gave a little gasp of dismay, for, the young man having descended from his seat, was taking out bags and rugs and wraps!

Then he came up the walk toward Serena. "You won't mind," he said, cheerfully, "if I pile these things on the porch while I get the rest. I've got such a lot of truck, you know——"

"But your mother—" stammered Serena. "When will she be here?"

He stared at her "My mother"—then his eyes twinkled. "Oh, you did say something about board for a lady But do you think I was going to let you waste all this richness on a woman? Why, that 'brook trout' took me. Where do they catch them?"

"Alvin Green catches ours," said Serena, stiffly

"Now, look here," said the young man, "I'm afraid I've made you feel badly because I wasn't my aunt or my mother or something But really I won't be a bit of trouble. And I'll try to make myself as scarce as possible, and if you don't like me you'll like the dogs."

He whistled and the impatient collies sprang from the auto

"Oh, you beauties," said Serena, and her eyes sparkled and her cheeks were pink, and the young man under his breath said, "You beauty!"

He said the same thing the next day to Alvin Green, as they cast their flies into the quiet pools. "I expected to find a pair of old spinsters, but the girl is charming."

"Young man," said Alvin Green, solemnly, 'You've got to remember that she hasn't any father to take care of her, and you're a rich man—don't disturb her peace of mind."

"I guess she'll disturb mine more than I will hers," said Ayers, ruefully. "And the worst of it is, that I'm not free."

"Married?" asked the old man.

"Engaged," answered Ayers. "To a lovely girl—but—oh, a man can't talk about such things."

The next morning there were brook trout for breakfast, and waffles and honey and a great dish of red raspberries.

Serena, in a pink lawn, waited on the table. "I'm glad you like everything," she said, when Ayers praised the delicacies, "and I'm glad you are not an old lady"

"Why are you glad?" he demanded.

"Because you are much nicer than an old lady," said Serena, calmly, "and your dogs are lovely"

A week passed, and one morning Ayers came to Serena. "I've got to go away," he said, soberly.

"Why?" demanded Serena.

"Because," his eyes sought the blue line of the hills, "there are things that I must do. But I want you to take care of the dogs until I come back, and keep the room for me—perhaps the Fates will be good to me, and let me come again."

"Why—" Serena's little face went white, "of course you will come again."

"I can't tell her," Ayers said despairingly to Alvin Green that afternoon as they went to the train together, "that I love her so much that I mustn't stay Thereh that girl out there, you know"

"Do you love the girl out west?" Alvin demanded.

"It was a schoolboy and girl arrangement," Ayers explained. "We were college mates. And now—we haven't a thing in common—but I'm in honor bound."

Alvin Green held out his hand as they said good by. "It's tough luck," his voice shook a little, "but it's best you should go away—it wouldn't do to let Serena care."

But Serena did care—and as the days lengthened into weeks and no word, except a perfunctory line or two, enclosing a generous check for the care of the dogs came from Ayers, she grew unlike her usual merry self

"But the money has been a great help," she said to Alvin Green, as the old man sat with her in the rose garden, "only I'd like to know why he never came back."

"It's like this, dearie," said Alvin. "He was in honor bound to another girl. He didn't love her, but he was tied to her, and he began to like you so well that there was nothing to do but go away."

Serena raised a transfigured little face. "Oh, do you think that—he cared?"

Alvin nodded.

"Then I think I can bear it better," whispered Serena.

Suddenly there came upon the quiet air the beat of a motor.

Serena sat up. "It's stopping at our gate," she said, excitedly.

The dogs who had slept at her feet rushed down with wild yelps of welcome

'Oh," said Serena, as she followed them, "oh, he has come back."

Her boarder came toward her, with outstretched hands "Say you're glad to see me," he commanded, "and then I'll tell you how glad I am to see you"

Alvin interrupted him quietly "I've told her," he said, "that there's another girl"

"But there isn't." Ayer's tone was rapturous "She has married—married another man—and—I'm free—free to try to win you."

Heart's Desire of Baden-Powell.

In speaking of the vital import of the Boy Scout movement to the world, President Colin H Livingstone related a touching incident which took place at the banquet given to General Baden-Powell at the Hotel Astor Seven or eight hundred guests, representing the prominent business and educational interests of New York city, had gathered there to pay tribute to the distinguished guest. There was a vacant chair between General Powell and Mr Livingstone and, leaning over the American suggested'

"Doesn't this splendid tribute to the idea inspire you? Does it recall the picture of Mafeking?"

"I was just thinking," said the general, slowly, "that if I could have my heart's desire just now I would wish that my dear old mother might sit in this vacant seat and look upon this scene which inspires a feeling far exceeding anything known in martial pageantry For here are the real scouts and the valiant men of the future."—National Magazine.

Prolonging Human Life.

The astounding and gratifying fact is claimed that in the last half century an average of 12 years has been added to the period of human life. Since the first actual records were taken in New York City in the middle '60s, the rate of mortality has been reduced from thirty-five deaths in each thousand inhabitants to about fifteen or sixteen. This reduction has resulted from the control of infectious diseases. The saving thus made relates only to the period of life under 50 years. There is no saving knowledge regarding the organic diseases of advancing years, which afflict especially those who have been active in affairs and who are taxed with large responsibilities.—Christian Herald.

WHEN WASHING FLANNELS

For Proper Cleanliness, and to Prevent Shrinkage, This Method Is Recommended.

To wash flannel garments, prepare a good lather of soap in hot water; when just nicely warm, plunge in your flannels and work the garments up and down, backward and forward with the hands, paying special attention to any soiled edges or other places Scrubbing must be avoided, and no soap must actually be rubbed on, as this will induce shrinkage. Soap lather will cleanse without this. Rinse in two warm waters softened with a little ammonia. Never wash or rinse in really hot or really cold water, as they both cause the flannel to shrink suddenly Water of the same mild temperature should be used throughout For the same reason flannels should not be hung outside to freeze during frosty weather, as this will tend to ruin them Hang on a clothes rack in a warm room, if possible, but do not place near great heat.

To Remove Iron Marks From Linen.

To remove iron rust from your fine table linen without causing any injury to the fabric, moisten the spots with a little hot water, then stretch the linen over a hot plate and apply salt and lemon juice rather thickly, rubbing it into the fabric with the warm bowl of a bone saltspoon or a white metal spoon The treatment may have to be repeated, but with a little patience it will effectually remove all traces of the disfiguring yellow marks and cause not the slightest injury to the linen Salts of lemon as put up and sold by the druggist will produce the same results, but as the strength of the acid salts is sometimes considerable it must be very carefully applied or it may weaken the fabric.

To Launder Linen Collars.

The following method will make collars look as well and wear as well as if done by a steam laundry. Add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of borax to two tablespoonfuls of cold starch and stir into a scant quart of warm water. Dip the collars in this mixture, saturating thoroughly, then wring dry and roll them in a clean white cloth for ten minutes Stretch them on the ironing board, rub them very hard with a clean, damp cloth, so that no starch can adhere to them and iron them with fairly hot irons. If you want to polish them dampen the right side with a clean, white cloth and warm water and iron over it with the blunt end of the polishing iron

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK'S INSURANCE OFFICE
Burdick's Music Store
Successors to
C. A. BURDICK,
Fire, Tornado Automobile, Liability, Life and accident insurance
Companies and service the best
Complete Line of Pianos and Musical Instruments and Sheet Music
See the FREE sewing machine
Call Phone or Write
SIDNEY A. BURDICK,
Manager.

Do Not Forget
STRONG
when you need those new
MANTLES AND GLOBES
after housecleaning.
I carry everything in that line at all prices.
E. W. STRONG

GRAND OPENING

Now prepared to do Business in the Following Lines:

AUTOMOBILE AND BICYCLE SUPPLIES

SPORTING GOODS

WINDOW GLASS

Hardware

Crockery

Paints

and

House Furnishings

CARPENTERS' TOOLS

GAS FIXTURES

STOVES and RANGES

One Price to All

CHAS. W. MASSER,

Smethport, :-: Penna.

MAYOR FOLEY, DEFENDANT,

In Action to Remove Him from Office of Mayor of Olean.

Olean, N. Y., July 1.—Mayor Peter C. Foley has been served with a court order, returnable on July 9 before the appellate division of the Supreme Court at Rochester, directing him to show cause why he should not be removed from office. The order is based on numerous charges, among them being that of perjury in swearing that he did not sign the bond of George M. Landy, the suspended city clerk; of forgery, in that he changed the paving petition for North First street, and for neglect of office for failure to require paving contractors to file bonds to keep streets in repair. The charges were preferred by Mr. Landy.

The order was served on the mayor at a special meeting of the council Monday night to continue hearing the charges against City Attorney M. B. Jewell. The prosecution of the charges is being conducted by Thomas A. Sullivan, attorney for the Erie county board of supervisors, representing Mayor Foley. Mr. Jewell will present his case next Monday night.

An attempt was made at the meeting Monday night to reinstate City Clerk Landy, but Mayor Foley had the resolution referred to the finance committee.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. and Mrs Alfred Powell and son, Edward, left Tuesday for their home at Clarksburg, W. Va.

Misses Gertrude and Genevieve Ryden of Olean, were guests at the home of John Ottoson last week.

James Keefe of New York city was a guest of his mother, Mrs. Mary Keefe, a few days last week.

Walter Digel of Olean spent the Fourth with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Digel, of Farmers Valley.

Rev. Charles E. McCoy of Providence, R. I., is the guest of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

Misses Edith and Harriet Colegrove of Olean are guests at the home of their grandfather, J. Colegrove.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Brown and son, Clark, of Erie, Pa., were the guests of friends in this place the Fourth

Misses Juanita Mills and Florence Bentley of Titusville, Pa., are the guests of Miss Myra Sherburne.

Mrs. E. R. Baker and children of Erie, Pa., are visiting Mrs. Baker's parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

Mrs. D. M. Sheehan and daughter of St. Marys were guests of friends and relatives a few days last week.

Mrs. John C. Cunningham, left Monday for a few weeks' visit with relatives at Clarion, Forest county, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Cohn and daughter of Cleveland were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin over Sunday.

Mrs. Edna Warren and daughters, Marion and Ruby, leave this week for the summer at Chautauqua lake.

Frank Bloomster of Marionville, Pa., has been the guest of relatives in this and nearby towns for the past week.

Mrs. W. P. Mitchell and infant daughter of Olean are guests of Mrs. Mitchell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Green.

Hedley Essenss of Johnson City, Tenn., is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Digel of Farmers Valley.

Miss Ellen Hurley who has been the guest of relatives and friends at Bradford returned home last Thursday.

Merriel Cummings and Leon Harwood of Eldred were in town Thursday and played with the Citizens' band.

Mrs. S. H. Cleveland and children of Andover, N. Y., have been the guests of relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. James Hulings and children have gone to Phoenixville, Pa., to spend the summer with relatives and friends.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Heber McCandless and chauffeur, Thomas Murray, left Sunday in the former's touring car for New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Clothier and son, Henry, of Buffalo are visiting at the home of Mrs. Clothier's mother, Mrs. J. W. Brennan.

Mrs. H. Bowen and daughter, Isabelle, of Bradford, have been the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dunkle, daughter, Gweneth, and son, Lindsley, of Norwich, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Lindsley the Fourth.

Mrs. C. W. Freeman, who for the past three weeks has been visiting relatives and friends at Canisteo, and Avoca, N. Y., has returned home.

Superintendent Charles W. Lillibridge left Friday for New York city where he will enter Columbia teachers' college for the summer term.

Mr. and Mrs. William Morrison have returned from an extended visit at Port Maitland, Canada. Mr. Morrison is much improved in health.

Mrs. John R. McCarthy and daughters, Ruth and Mary, left Tuesday for a four weeks' visit with relatives at Buffalo, Blasedale and Johnsonburg.

Miss Theo Freeman returned Saturday from Medina, N. Y., where she had been the guests of Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris for the past two weeks.

Miss Grace Olmstead, who has been the guest of her father, Frank Olmstead, at Mansfield, Ohio, for several weeks returned to her home in this place Tuesday.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander was in attendance at the Republican county committee meeting held in Bradford last Saturday, as committeeman from this borough.

The Misses Cordellia and Violet Chisholm, who were guests at the home of their brother, James T. Chisholm, a few days last week, returned to their home at Austin Saturday.

Mrs. C. E. McAlee and daughters who have been the guests of Mrs. McAlee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Lynch, of East Smethport, left for their home at Johnsonburg yesterday.

G. H. Grabe and son, Harold, autoed over from Condersport Sunday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. William Hafner and family. Mrs. H. F. Grabe and daughter, Pauline, and son, George, accompanied them home.

Mrs. J. Heber McCandless, Miss Eulalia King, J. Clayton Backus and Thomas Murray returned from Buffalo Thursday afternoon in the new Columbia Silent-Knight touring car of Rev. and Mrs. McCandless'.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Backus and children, Clarrisa and Harry, left Sunday morning for Linesville, Pa. They were accompanied by Mrs. F. J. Shattuck, who had been their guest for a week.

Mrs. J. F. Bentley who has been visiting relatives in town for the past week left for her home in New York city to-day, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Mary Masser, who expects to make her home with her in the future.

(Additional Personals on Page 4.)

FOR SALE.

One horse, a good roadster; one top buggy; one cab buggy, nearly new; one cutter, nearly new; saddle harness and robes. Terms cash or approved security. Apply to

tf DR. JOHN CLARK, Smethport, Pa.

"Pedler's Acre."

Lambeth (Eng.) "Old" Church has numerous historic monuments, and in one of the windows is the full length figure of a pedler with his pack, staff and dog. This is supposed to represent the unknown person who presented "Pedler's Acre" to the parish upon condition that his portrait and that of his beloved canine companion should be preserved in the church and that his dog should be buried in consecrated ground.

The King's English.

The spread of the English language and the cosmopolitan character of Singapore was shown at a meeting there of the Epworth league, at which 21 nationalities were represented, yet every person knew English.

A Wedding Sensation on Main Street.

Selling Groceries at the low prices at Ellsworth's Grocery was the cause of a wedding here that helped celebrate the ever glorious 4th of July. It

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 4-cylinder Cadillac in good running condition, price $65.00.

One two- or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

One $3,200 Pope-Hartford 40-horse power, equipped with new tires all around and all modern accessories. This car is a great bargain at $700.00.

Inquire of

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,

1t Smethport, Pa.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 29th day of July, 1912, by T. H. Quinn, M. F. Quinn and W. L. Barclay under an Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of the intended corporation to be called Keystone Woods Product Company, the character and object of which is to manufacture and deal in the products and by-products obtained from the destructive distillation of wood, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

Dated June 29th, 1912.

HASTINGS & LARKIN,

3t Solicitors.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF KEATING TOWNSHIP SCHOOL DISTRICT for the School year ending July 1st, 1912:

C. O. Hadsell, Treasurer,
From July 3rd, to December 4, 1911:

Dr.		
To received from Collector Farley	$3300 00	
To received from State appropriation	2909 09	
To received from former treasurer	240 03	
To received for tuition	285 80	$6535 72
Cr.		
By paid teachers' wages	$2250 01	
By paid rent & repairs	170 71	
By paid for school supplies	263 94	
By paid for text books	248 03	
By paid sanitary expenses	77 10	
By paid Auditors' fees	24 00	
By paid for printing	14 40	
By paid for secretary's salary	150 00	
By paid for freight & material	17 44	
By paid for fuel and contingencies	80 07	
By paid for drawing pupils to school	93 00	
By paid for postage & stationery	9 88	
By paid for teachers attending Institute	120 00	
By paid for high school tuition	422 93	
By paid for water	3 75	
By paid for janitor	12 00	
By paid for attending directors' association	14 96	
By paid debt and interest	1758 50	
By Amount in Grange Nat. bank to balance	944 51	$6536 72

H. M. Digel, Treasurer,
From December 4 to July 1st, 1912:

Dr.		
To amount in Grange bank from former Treasurer Hadsell	$ 944 51	
To amount borrowed from Hamlin Bank & Trust Company	2500 00	
To amount received from County Treasurer, unseated lands	1150 07	
To amount received from Collector Farley	2062 12	
To amount received from unseated lands	16 13	
To amount borrowed from Hamlin Bank	1500 00	
To amount received from Secretary Burdick	1 77	$7625 00
Cr.		
By paid teachers' wages	$3500 37	
By paid teachers attending Institute	180 00	
By paid for school supplies	800 40	
By paid for Auditors' fees	36 00	
By paid for sanitary expenses	48 35	
By paid for fuel and contingencies	429 78	
By paid for rent and repairs	49 20	
By paid for printing	14 40	
By paid for Pennsylvania School Journal	8 00	
By paid for janitors' expenses	12 75	
By paid for drawing pupils to school	93 00	
By paid treasurer's commission	112 04	
By paid medical inspection	5 00	
By paid freight & material	2 98	
By paid debt and interest	40 00	
By Amount in Hamlin bank to balance	345 33	$7683 60
Liabilities of District.		
Amount borrowed from Hamlin Bank & Trust Company	$3500 00	
Outstanding orders	687 81	
Amount due Treasurer Digel, commission on $7137.27 @ 2 per ct.	142 77	$4330 58
Resources.		
Amount due from Collector Farley	826 98	
Liabilities in excess of Resources to balance	3503 60	$4330 58

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts of C. O. Hadsell and H. M. Digel, Treasurers of Keating Township School Funds, do find them as above stated.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
WM. TANNER,
F. L. CONNER,
Auditors.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Hedgethorn" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer at once.

DO NOT BUY A BICYCLE or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive and approve of our big catalog and our unheard of offers and low prices on bicycles. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offer to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and finely illustrated special offer to rider agents. Many large profits we can explain to you later. We positively do not know of any other factory making anywhere near as high grade bicycles as we do, selling at our prices. We are satisfied with a small profit above factory cost, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices.

COASTER-BRAKES, Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chinese retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8. Descriptive list mailed free.

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires *A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY* **$4.10**

The regular retail prices of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but we intend to introduce our tires at once into every locality and will sell a sample pair for $4.10 (cash must accompany order) if you mention this paper. Do not confuse these tires with the cheap, unreliable tires usually sold at $4.10 per pair.

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES Easily fitted to any wheel. Will not rim cut. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION Made in all sizes. Is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. Though no tires are an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.10 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $3.85 per pair) if payment for tires accompanies order. This will be a big saving to you. You run no risk in sending us an order as we allow you ten days' trial and if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination, we agree to return your money and pay all transportation charges. Don't delay in sending us your order. Write us to-day. Mention the thick rubber tires and 26 inch wheels. Also state if you want coaster-brake rear hub, or the ordinary kind. Remember this remarkable offer is made to introduce our tires into new localities and to secure the agency in each locality as quickly as possible. Write to-day.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal to-day. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we can make you. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it now.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

$2.25 to Buffalo

AND RETURN

$2.50 to Niagara Falls

AND RETURN

TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1912.

FROM SMETHPORT

Excursion Tickets.

Tickets good going on train leaving at 9:22 a. m. and Good returning on all regular trains July 23 or 24. No baggage will be checked nor will these tickets be accepted in Pullman Sleeping or Parlor Cars.

Children, between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

ATLANTIC CITY

Cape May

Wildwood, Ocean City, Anglesea, Sea Island City, Holly Beach, Avalon, Stone Harbor, NEW JERSEY

July 26, August 2, 16, and 30, 1912

ROUND **$10.80** TRIP

FROM SMETHPORT

TICKETS GOOD RETURNING WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on return trip within final limit, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent.

For full information concerning leaving time of trains, consult small hand bills or nearest Ticket Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna

TOILET ARTICLES

Our line of Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you you should not be without a generous supply.

Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE